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(UNPUBLISHED.)

THE Scotch language, Scotch customs, and Scotch feelings, are no longer peculiarities which belong to the voices, habits, and hearts of an entire people. The union with England, at first a mere political alliance, has had the effect of amalgamating, in a great measure, the morals of the two nations; and the Southern traveller, who visits, now-a-days, at least the more crowded towns of the north, in search of the peculiar characteristics of "fair Scotlande," will find little to gratify his curiosity, except a miserable abuse of his native tongue. The wealthier portion of the empire, and the seat of government, became, of course, the point to which all eyes were turned; and when the kindly influence of time and cold steel had subdued the national animosities which threatened to perpetuate a separation in spite of politics and geography, England, not merely in its official dignities, its riches, and its commerce, but in its language, manners, fashions, and follies, became the grand theatre of Scotch ambition. From the beggarly lords, who sold their country for a con-sid-er-a-tion, down to the coquettish shop-lassie, who measures tape and mangles English—making up for the deficient inch in one, by an ell of breadth in the other,—all eagerly strove who should soonest obliterate the unfashionable stamp of the north.

English influence, however, produced its effects on the national character only in those quarters of the country, and in those stations of society, to which the arts and wealth of England most readily penetrated; and like the tide advancing on the sea-shore, was here and there repelled by the surly cliff, and unfelt in the distant grotto. The poorer, or rather the poorest classes of society, generally speaking, remain still Scotch; and in districts where the population is thinly scattered, or where local circumstances cut them off from the advantages or disadvantages of much external intercourse, even the gentry still pride themselves in the manners and language of their forefathers. These bulwarks of the national character will, in process of time, be worn away; the poor will become rich; the rich will become poor, and seek independence in trade; the arts and sciences of a highly-refined and artificial civilization will penetrate through the whole country; and only in the tales and novels of the present day, will some future generation be able to trace the peculiarities which had been supposed to render the Scotch an interesting and romantic people.

Several authors "of credit and renown" have taken upon themselves, with more or less success, the task of instructing posterity, and delighting their contemporaries with such matters; but the writer, whose work is before us, although apparently belonging to a class, stands in reality alone; and his book is absolutely *sui generis*. The delineators of Scotch manners have hitherto been mere authors—here we have a Scotchman. His very English is Scotch—he writes in Scotch—sees in Scotch—feels in Scotch—and thinks

in Scotch. He does not choose a certain class or country for his scene or object, because he fancies it to be the best calculated for a display of his talents—he merely writes of what he knows—of what he has seen and felt, and understood from the days of his childhood. In the tale of "Minister Tam," for instance, (for the work consists of a series of stories,) we have an account of a poor fellow who was intended, by his parents, for the church. He gets through the necessary education; he becomes a tutor in a family; he loses his situation and his hopes; he loves, and is disabled by poverty from marrying the woman he loves; he enlists as a soldier, and leaves the country—and what then?—why, this is all. It is not a romance we have been reading—it is a history that has passed again and again before our own eyes, and which we have heard our grandmother tell a hundred times by the fireside. "My Married Life" is a piece of the same description. A woman relates the story of her disappointment, when she entered into the "blessed state of matrimony," and found it—not a Paradise. We know the woman as well as we know the old slippers which we now wear. Her name, however, is not Blair, as our author has it,—she is Mrs. Black, or Mrs. White, or Mrs. Brown, we forget which.

There is a raciness in his description which often puts us in mind of the older dramatists—an apparently unconscious strength in his language, which conveys a whole portrait with a single word. Witness, at p. 7, vol. i. "the poor disconsolate unshaven debtor!" Then, his ideas, for instance of the relative value of things, are so exquisitely true to nature—we mean Scotch nature—that one does not know whether to smile at or with the author. "Her complexion," says he, "was like the very ivory!" "The little I had heard her speak was in the best English accent!" and "I turned to the elegant figure sitting opposite to me, just from London!" The very peculiarities, however, which we have ourselves dwelt upon with delight will probably disgust a very numerous class. Our author will be called vulgar! Let those who imagine they understand the term turn to the story of "Mary Ogilvie," deformed by occasional coarsenesses, and numerous faults in arrangement and composition; let them confess, that it contains not one extraordinary incident to arouse attention, not one effort at sentimentality, not one melodramatic character; and yet, let them look us full in the face, with their glistening eyes and quivering lips, and call it vulgar if they dare! For pathetic simplicity this story is almost unrivalled. A young man, the Squire's son, returns from his travels, in time to witness the marriage of a young girl of low degree, whom he had loved when a boy. Bitterly the recollection of youth comes back upon his soul, and fiercely, yet without outstepping the modesty of nature, his soul is shaken with the struggle between the pure feelings of boyhood, and the awakened ambition of the man. All is at length over. The wedding has taken place, and the lover, overcome with agony, retires to a distant room.

"George," she said, 'come down among the company, and countenance my wedding! an' dinna affront me to the people: an' dinna detain

me here with you, for you know it is not right. Will you not speak to me, Mr. George?'

"I only sighed deeply, for my tongue was somehow paralyzed. 'We were happy many a day nae doubt, when we were almost bairns!' She went on: 'but as for our being man and wife, I see, Mr. George, it was never ordained to be. Ah! collect yourself!' she added, bending over me, 'and resign yourself' to the will of Providence! and dinna allow yourself' to vex the feelings, or disturb the outward bearing o' your—your hapless and sair-hearted Mary Ogilvie!' Her lip quivered as she spoke to me, and a few tears trickled down her cheeks; but she turned away her head, as chiding herself for giving way to these endearing, but now improper expressions; and, as I still gazed in her countenance, which beamed with soft sentiments, as I perceived her bosom again heave with emotion, and pressed her warm hand within mine, I would have given worlds to have recalled a few hours, before she was lost to me for ever." p. 60—61.

The scene at the bedding follows:

"I had not power to repeat, but stood behind the others, to witness this finishing scene. Some of the elder relatives of Mary's husband now produced a large bottle of brandy and the bride-cake; and, as the company stood round the room, all drank the healths of the newly-married pair, with wishes for a numerous offspring, expressed in no very studied language.

"The contending emotions of bitter self-condemnation were again beginning to agitate me, from what I witnessed, and from the very anticipation of having to submit to the simple ceremony of wishing health and happiness to attend this union, when I was saved the pain by another, and most unlooked for circumstance. The young men and women, being now dressed for their departure, stood round in pairs, as on the night of the booking; and such as were little in view began to whisper and fondle, as on that occasion; when some one's lass, pointing to the late hour, indicated on the dial of an old-fashioned case clock, that stood near the centre of the room, expressed much anxiety to get home; upon which her partner, watching his opportunity, stepped forward, and moved back the index an hour, by way of excuse for prolonging their stay. Whether, in doing this, he had loosened the clock, which seemed to have been badly fixed, I know not; but just as an elderly man, with a glass in his hand, had, in a solemn, but, as I thought, doubting manner, wished health to the bride and her husband, and, that they might live a long life of conjugal endearment, the clock, beginning to strike the hour, seemed to move, being agitated by its own machinery, until swaying forward its tall length, it fell on its face in the open space in the centre of the room, like Dagon, the god of Ashteroth, before the Ark of the Israelites, and was dashed into twenty pieces on the floor!

"Mary and her husband started, and sitting up in bed, looked forth on the destruction in nervous amazement: and the first words that were spoken while all stood round were by a solemn little elderly man, who as the clock rattled on the floor, with a wild smile exclaimed, 'There is an end of Time!'

"This concluding incident of the falling and destruction of a favourite clock, which had stood in this one spot from time immemorial, to have taken place on the owner's marriage night, as a conclusion to the other remarkable occurrences, was regarded by every one present as crowning all the alarming apprehensions which they had hitherto entertained, and they seemed individually impressed with feelings which no one dared to express to his neighbour. In the midst also of the pause, wherein nothing appeared but superstitious looks and the shaking of heads, the watch dog below was again heard setting up his low and doleful howl, which echoed in the silence of night, and seemed to paralyze the whole with dread, so that the men at once seemed to become sober, and the women cowered and clung to their partners, anxiously wishing to get off out of the house, lest a worse should befall.

"Astonishment, partaking of superstition, and a strange paralyzing excitement again began to render me unconscious almost of what was going forward, when, before I was aware, I found the company gone, and myself standing alone in the centre of the room, staring down upon the broken clock, when lifting up my head, my eyes were met full by those of Mary Ogilvie, who was steadily gazing upon me, with one of those unconscious searching looks, which seemed to speak a thousand things to me, which could not be uttered.

"This never to be forgotten glance was the last which I obtained, or which perhaps I could have borne from Mary on this trying day,—its unutterable expression is almost too much for me, even now, to think of. I instantly rushed down stairs, mounted my horse, I know not how, rode home, dark as it was, as if I would have broken my neck; for I know not whether my own mind, or the minds of those whom I left behind, were in a state of the greatest confusion." p. 64—5.

"George Wishart" is a story of extraordinary power. The lover has been murdered by his mistress's uncle, who seek for refuge from their remorse in the most dreadful debauchery. The unhappy girl becomes insane, and is imprisoned on an islet on the Clyde, from whence she escapes, and wanders to the cottage of a miserable old woman, to whom her wrongs and wretchedness were known.

"It was on a Saturday night late, it was even midnight and over; for it was into the holy calm of the dead hour, and of Sabbath morning, when a light still burned in the lonely cottage of Janet Hodgert, which stood on the edge of the grounds of Rosshaugh, in a neglected and desolate spot, near a few outstraggling firs which skirted the remote part of the pleasure grounds.

"The dim light of the peeping oil-cruisy within, indicated that the old woman was not yet in bed, a circumstance not very uncommon of late; and this inexplicable fact having been more than once observed by casual passers by, together with the circumstance of her lonely situation and peremptory mode of talking, had caused reports concerning her, associated with the wicked doings at Rosshaugh, where she lived, which partook much more of superstitious dread, than of sense and truth. This night she sat by herself, as usual, with her Bible spread out before her, which however, she was not looking upon; but, sitting gazing into the embers of her decaying fire, and rocking herself backwards and forwards, she seemed to be absorbed in an abstraction which had, in its dreamy subject, more of an eternal than of a present world. It was her constant habit to spread the old Bible before her, while in these moods, although her sight was now so gone that she could not distinguish a single letter of the book she loved so well to ponder over in her solitude.

"It is past midnight, and still I cannot bear to go to bed. What is to happen, hereabout, be-

fore the morning? What is to happen me?" muttered the old woman, looking steadily into the embers of the fire; for that mixture of superstition and presentiment, with the musings of age and solitude, which seemed to partake of the spirit of prophecy, now occasionally came over her, about the dead of night, almost persuading her into a belief in her personal communion with a spiritual world.

"Something will happen this night, I know by the crooning sound in my ears; and something will be here in the darkling, I see by the shadows that pass between me and the red fire; and I mannae to bed, for the sleep has gone clean frae my een. Gude save us! but I'm cery! sitting my lee-fu lane in this cottage; for the wickedness that's working between the four walls of Rosshaugh House, is like a Sodom and Gomorrah, that brings a curse on the very trees that whiz in the night-wind at the gable o' my lonely dwelling. Hoogh! What's that? I hear a soft foot on the yird without. Auld as I am, I'm wanted this night, I trow."

"A slight tap at the cottage door startled the old woman, and the words, 'Janet! Janet Hodgert!' were repeatedly called, by a voice from without, which the old woman could not, in her sudden trepidation, recognize.

"Am I a bairn to be frightened because it's the witching hour o' the night?" muttered the old woman, rising to open the door, and taking the cruisy in her hand.

"The blessed saints be about us!" she exclaimed aghast, and almost letting fall the lamp in her terror, as she cast her eyes on the pale figure that stood without; for a bare-headed female in white, with her hair flowing down over her neck and shoulders, stood gazing wildly upon her. 'In the name of the Lord, speak! and say your errand to me, fair speerit,' said the old woman with difficulty.

"I'm no speerit, Janet Hodgert," said the figure; although I'm sore altered with grief and pining; but stand out of the doorway and let me in. Ye'll not deny a seat by your fire, and a word of your mouth to the broken-hearted Fanny More!"

"Surely the world is going back, riding on the axle-tree of sin, and Satan himself has been let loose to reign on the earth in these latter days," exclaimed the old woman, 'if this be at last the condition of the bonnie youthful Fanny More!' and she held the cruisy close to her face, as she set the wretched young lady down on a stool.

"I'm cauld—I'm cauld—body and soul; Janet Hodgert,—steer the red low 'till I warm my knees," said Fanny, with a childish gaze into the fire.

"God be merciful to me! surely it hasna come to that," said the old woman, looking at the poor female, in deep pity. 'Where has ye come from, at this hour, Fanny More?"

"I come frae the Ashet Isle, in the middle o' Clyde stream, Janet Hodgert, and I waded up to my waist in the bubbling water, although it was dark, dark—an' spunkie followed me all the way through the moors—gleam gleaming to decoy me; but the smell o' the dead led me to Inchinnan kirk-yard—and the smell o' brimstone led me to wicked Ross's house, in the dark, and here I am first."

"Was me!—Was me!" said the old woman, pathetically, as she contemplated the wild look of the crazed girl; 'have I lived to see this, and ye're bla'e beneath the een, Fanny, and your look is wild and willart! Mercy be o'er us!'

"But I'm whyles happy, when I think I hear his voice," said Fanny, smiling childishly; 'but he's lang, lang of coming hame.'

"Who is lang of coming hame, Fanny?" said the old woman.

"Bonnie George Wishart, to be sure. Blessings on him! And the poor insane creature wiped a tear from her face when she thought

of him whose death she seemed insensible of and whose image was still imprinted on her memory.

"But what want you with me, at this dead hour, Fanny More?" inquired Janet Hodgert; for experience had taught her, that a special purpose often lurked in the vagaries of insanity such as hers.

"The young lady, gazing in Janet's face for a moment, her recollection seemed to clear up, and she replied with remarkable distinctness: 'Remember you not, my old friend, the last words you said to me in this cottage, that sorrow had withered your own heart, and you had no comfort to spare for me; but if I could not thol the bitterness of a weary life, and if my heart rose against those who had worked me dool and grief, you would, at least, help me, even at the dark hour of midnight, to denounce a curse upon those who have murdered the husband of my youth, and broken my heart? Come, Janet Hodgert,' she added, with a caressing look, that was truly pitous, 'the hour of riot is not over in Rosshaugh House; I saw the light through the trees on my way. Come, and let me speak the anathema of heaven, upon the guilty head of him who can never know what he has made me feel.'" i. 225—231.

The two wretched women, so much alike in their grief and despair, and yet placed so finely in contrast by the circumstances of age and station, pursued their way, beneath the glimpses of the moon through the plantations of Rosshaugh. The figure of a man crossed them in their lonely path.

"The old woman was struck with the unshrinking steadiness with which the crazed girl pursued her path,—her eye fixed upon the man as if she expected him to meet her. A feeling of pure terror made old Janet fall a short way behind, until she should see what was to happen: when at the instant the man had leaped on to the footway, at a spot where there being a clear crossing, the rising moon had relieved it from the surrounding darkness, Fanny More stood in the light immediately before him: and, in the agitated scream which this apparition called forth, was recognized the voice of William More.

"If ever ghost and its witness at midnight, by the glimmer of the moon, were fitly represented by any group, they were at this moment by these two figures: and truly, the horror-struck look of the wearer of a guilty conscience, under the eye of those whom it has wronged, is a dreadful sight at all times, but particularly in the solitude of a wood, at the witching time of night. Fanny More stood stockstill: the hollow eyes, caused by the night's fatigue, and her long misery, glaring upon the unhappy man! She spoke not,—but lifting up her arms, and parting the long dishevelled hair, which hung about her temples, and partly obstructed her gaze, she continued to fix her look, in which the excitement of execration and partial insanity were fearfully blended, upon the wretch that stood gasping with terror before her.

"Merciful God! where shall I go? earth and hell seem alike to haunt me!" croaked the unhappy man; and retreating slowly, as he gazed on the form before him, he dived farther into the recesses of the wood.

"Janet Hodgert was astonished to witness with what a strange steady step and ghost-like manner, the vengeful Fanny continued to follow, as the horror-struck man retreated from walk to walk, across and through the tangling of the planting; and at every moment, when hidden in the shade of the trees he thought her gone, she merged forth on the next open spot of moonlight, just at his side, until in a dark spot, stud-ded with large scattering elms and beeches, she came close up, as if it had been her intention to grapple with him. A black circular pond was so hid among the luxuriant trees, in a nook of the

wood in this quarter, that the oblique light of the moon reached not the dreary hole, which one would have almost shuddered to look upon in the clearness of noon; and into this gloomy and secluded den had Fanny by this time pursued him; when turning round, terror and intoxication having completely carried away his senses, he croaked out these words: 'Whence came you, horrid shape? are you not amply revenged by my feverish heart and burning brain—still on? will nothing satisfy you? mean you to follow me to hell?'

"Give me back George Wishart!" was Fanny's shrill and sharp exclamation; and she insanely held out her arms as both drew near to the very edge of the pool.

"Keep off! Come not near! Name not that name.—Fiend! leave me!—Oh!" And, as he uttered the last exclamation, while retreating in terror, he staggered down the slope towards the water, and with a shriek and a plunge, sank to the bottom of the deep pool! while the crazed Fanny screamed out an insane laugh, that echoed from every corner of the silent woods of Ross-haugh." i. 232—235.

There are few things much finer than this, we think, in the whole range of fiction. The defects in style, numerous as they are on a close inspection, are forgotten, and the critic while he reads forgets that he must write.

The avenging pair pursue their way till they reach the house of guilt.

"They proceeded along the passages, which were all familiar to them; until, perceiving a light in the large dining-room, they both opened the door, and walked forward to the table, near which they perceived some one still sitting alone on a chair. The man moved not, nor seemed to notice them as they came forward. It was Mr. Ross himself! his head was laid back uneasily over his chair, and he was fast asleep.

"Fanny More stood still, gazing on him for a moment; and, whether it was from the influence of her feelings, or the sudden transition from the cold air without, into the warm apartment, she shuddered all over as she contemplated the bloated young man, in his uneasy and intoxicated sleep. A pair of candles, burning into their sockets, stood before him, and the table was spread over with glasses and decanters, half filled with wine and brandy, among which packs of cards, counters, money, and torn papers, lay in midnight and drunken confusion.

"The old woman had been so struck with the half insane energy of the bewildered girl, that she stood passively behind, to see what she would do; when after a brief pause, stepping close to Mr. Ross, she gave a knock on the table, so hard, that it sounded through the whole silent house, making the bottles and glasses dance where they stood, and, at the same moment, putting her mouth to the ear of the sleeping man, she shouted, with a scream that seemed almost unearthly, the single word, 'Murderer!'

"The awakening look, the confused stare of horror, of the conscience-struck man, as he gazed upon the steady and pale face of Fanny More, is not to be communicated by any possible description; but the relief of speech was totally denied him for a considerable interval. At last he was able to gasp out, 'In the name of God, what is this?'

"It is the murderer's curse! John Ross," said Fanny, in a voice that made the old woman herself tremble. 'Waken, sinner! and hear it every word, before you go to your everlasting place!'

"Who are you?"

"I am Fanny More, of the Ashet Isle," said Fanny, her bewilderment returning; 'and I came from Saint Mirren's kirk-yard to waken you. Hark ye—a dead man wants you, John Ross. Did ye see George Wishart, seeking you with his bloody head?'

"My God!"

"Whist! this is the sabbath morning; ye daurna speak that name again wi' the devil's books before you, John Ross. John Ross, ye murdered my sweet George Wishart, and brake his head wi' a rough stone; and ye brake my heart, till my wits are gone wi' grief. Oh, wicked John Ross! I canna curse you wi' my ain tongue. But fearfu' is the doom o' the murderer!"

"But I can curse him with a widow's curse!" exclaimed the old woman, now coming forward, and excited by horrible recollections. 'Did you not murder Jean Gray's bairn, John Ross, an' tried to get the guilt put on me, to increase the sorrows o' the poor widow woman? Have you not broken the heart, and deprived of her wits this sweet young creature, after having murdered the prettiest youth that ever stepped the streets of bonnie Barhill? May the curse of the wicked and the destroyer follow you night and day, John Ross! But your days will be few on the earth; and William More has already gone to his account. Ay, already! for he lies now at the bottom of the dark pool in the wood!'

"Take me to hell after him, you hag!" cried the wretched man, 'or any where, from this horror.'

"The fever is already bleezing in your bloated face, John Ross," said Fanny, mournfully, 'and the murderer's wretchedness is eating at your heart, till the doom of the wicked is ready to swallow you. Oh, miserable man, give me back my sweet husband. You took his life! you took George Wishart's sweet life!—And, saying these words, she threw herself forward in her agony, and staring wildly in his face, she again screamed 'murderer!' until her shrill tones echoed through every passage of the silent mansion.

"The effect of this seemed too much for the guilty man. His eyes rolled fearfully in his horror, as he shrunk back from this midnight proclaimer of his misery and his doom; and, in the unconscious desperation of dread, he overturned the table with a howl of terror; and, in an instant, was prostrate on the floor, and they were all left in total darkness." i. 236—240.

PAGAN MYSTERIES.

Mémoire sur le Culte de Mithra, son Origine, sa Nature, et ses Mystères. Envoyé en 1825 au Concours de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres de Paris. Par le Chevalier Joseph de Hammer. Publié par J. S. Smith, et G. S. Trebutien, de la Société Asiatique de Paris. Paris, 1830.

THIS work, though announced in 1828, is not yet published; and the following notice has been drawn up, from a perusal of the proof sheets, which were communicated to the writer by M. Trebutien, of Caen, in Normandy, one of the editors. The other editor is the Hon. Spencer Smith, the brother of Sir Sydney Smith, formerly Ambassador at Constantinople, and now residing at Caen. We are aware that much less importance is at present attached to such studies in England than on the Continent; but we are not altogether convinced that our neglect is either creditable or useful to us. Perhaps, if we examine the matter, it may be found that as much instruction is to be derived from researches into the nature of those opinions and superstitions which prevailed in the primitive world, and have left evident traces of their existence on the present, as from pursuing the adventures of heroes and heroines, whose commonplace loves and misfortunes threaten to swallow up all the leisure and attention of the reading public.

However this may be, the Germans and the French enjoy, at this moment, something like a monopoly of antiquity; while we, who were formerly regarded in a very different light, appear to be ambitious of amusing the rest of the world with our novels, our annuals, and our

trifling memoirs, and reminiscences. Creuzer, Gœrres, Voss, Guigniaud, Cousin, and many others, are indefatigably employed on the Continent, in tracing the opinions of mankind to their original sources; but in England we have not a single author who thinks it worth his while to meddle with these matters, though we have condescended to borrow from the Germans their foolery about *phrenology*, a word which we ought to blush to see inserted in our dictionaries. The present work of M. Von Hammer relates to a subject, which, if not of paramount importance in itself, is yet invested with very considerable interest by its connexion with the early history of Christianity. The idea of the performance was furnished by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, which, by offering a valuable gold medal for the best dissertation on the "Origin and nature of the worship and mysteries of Mithra," directed the attention of the learned to the subject. The medal was awarded to the Memoir of M. Felix Lajard; but the dissertation of M. Von Hammer was honourably spoken of at two several sittings of the Académie, which encouraged the author to make it public.

M. Von Hammer appears to have composed his work in a hasty manner; for, notwithstanding that he evidently is in possession of immense stores of the necessary kind of erudition, and is an able and experienced writer, he enters abruptly and inartificially into the subject, without preparing the reader to accompany him. His object, however, is to prove that the origin of the worship and mysteries of Mithra is to be sought for in Persia, where this God was already adored in the times of Zoroaster, not as the Supreme Divinity, which was Ormuzd, nor as the Genius of the Sun, which was Khorchid; but as the first of the Izeds, pure, great, powerful, true, active, vigilant, just; as the generative principle; as the preserver, peace-maker, and mediator of the world; as the defender of cities against the power of the *Mihir-Darouj*, that is, tyrants who follow in the footsteps of the Ox of *Tchengregatchah*, whom he destroyed with his intelligent and eternal club. The Mithra of the Zend-Avesta is not identical with the sun and moon, which are only his ministers, nor with the morning star, nor with the Supreme God of the Persians; but, as the author has before observed, is a creative and beneficent genius, an invincible hero, a king of kings, a peace-maker, a protector, a mediator.

M. Creuzer, the most profound writer on Mythology that modern times have produced, differs on one essential point from M. Von Hammer; for, according to him, the Zend books, in concert with all the known monuments, and the testimony of the Greek writers, prove that Mithra is the sun. He is, moreover, of opinion, that, under the name of Mithra, the sun was very generally worshipped in the east, and in this M. Von Hammer appears to have formerly agreed with him. There is a poetical splendour about these fragments of the ancient religions of Asia, which strongly moves the imagination, and in some degree impregnates it with fire. The Zend-Avesta denominates Mithra the eye of God, the dazzling hero, powerful in the race; he who fertilizes the wilderness; the first of the Genii, who never slumbers nor sleeps; the protector of the earth.

Neither M. Creuzer nor M. Hammer, perhaps, has traced with sufficient accuracy the worship of Mithra to its original source, which appears to have been Hindoostan, the mother of superstition, as well as of the sciences, though both these learned men seem to be aware of the fact. Like the systems of the Buddhists and Jains, it appears to be more recent than the Brahminical creed, and to have been instituted by some innovator, who determined, by the sacrifice of the ox, to cut off all hope of reconciliation with the

elder religion, in which that animal is regarded as the most sacred of all earthly things. The name of the Ized, or Genius, which by the Greeks was written *Mithres* or *Mithras*, is *Mihr*, or *Mehr*, in Persian; and has a triple meaning, signifying *Genius*, the *Sun*, and *Love*. Perhaps there may in all this be some allegory, teaching that the sun is, in fact, the genius of love, which he kindles into being by his rays, and in whose total absence the passion dies away in the heart. Passion is fire—fire is supposed to emanate from the sun—hence love has a celestial origin—and Mithra may be justly denominated the genius of love.

M. Von Hammer observes that the worship of Mithra is more ancient than Zoroaster, since it entered into the creed of Gemchid, who is represented in the Shah-Naméh as adoring the sun and moon. This great prince, we are told, mingled the worship of the sun with the Sabeism of Houshenk; and the worship of fire, which was instituted by Khioskorous. Firdousee, however, as translated by Sir John Malcolm, (*History of Persia*, vol. i. p. 489.) attributes to Houshenk himself the introduction of the worship of fire. "One day, says the poet, this king retired to the mountains, accompanied by some of his attendants; something appeared at a distance of enormous magnitude—black, tremendous, and glossy. Its two eyes seemed fountains of blood; the smoke which issued from its mouth obscured the air. The prudent Houshenk contemplated it circumspectly; he seized a stone, and prepared to assail it: he threw it with the force of a hero, and the serpent no longer annoyed the world. The stone struck upon a rock, and both fell to pieces by the percussion. A brilliant flame sprung from the contact; and thus fire became the product of stone. The King prostrated himself before God, and offered devout supplications, for having thus obtained the sacred fire; for which he erected a sanctuary on that spot. He said, 'This fire is a divinity; let it be worshipped by all.' Night came, the mountain was covered with fire; it was surrounded by the King and his attendants. The event was celebrated by a feast, the name of which became that of the auspicious hero."

But the most interesting portion of the history of the Mithriac mysteries, is that which relates to their introduction and reception in the Roman empire, where, for a time, they maintained a struggle with Christianity itself, to which, according to the testimony of some of the Fathers, they lent a portion of their ceremonies. The period at which the religion of Mithra was first made known to the Romans, is fixed by a passage of Plutarch. It was exactly sixty-eight years before the birth of Christ; but the oldest monuments of this form of superstition which have been preserved to our days are a century and a half later in date. The worship of Mithra was established publicly in the reign of Trajan, but reached its greatest splendour under the Antonines, in whose reign it diffused itself through the various provinces of the empire, as Italy, Helvetia, the Gauls, Germany, Noricum, Pannonia, and Dacia, where its monuments have been discovered in modern times. It subsisted to the end of the fourth century, when it appears to have been stifled entirely by Christianity.

Of the emblems of the Mithriac worship, we shall at present say nothing, but pass on to the ceremonies, which, if not more curious, are at least more susceptible of explanation. Men have always been addicted to playing the fool, and never more so than in the performance of those acts of superstition by which initiation into the mysteries was affected. According to Elias of Crete, an obscure commentator on Gregory of Nazianzen, there were twelve trials to be encountered by the novice; and Nonnus and Nicetas, two other commentators of equal name and authority, inform us that these trials took

up eighty days. The wiseacre who was to be initiated, had, in the first place, according to St. Croix, to swim across a vast extent of water; secondly, in order, we suppose, to warm himself, he plunged into the fire, from which he extricated himself with difficulty. After those two trials, by which men were taught to take care of water and fire, the novice was condemned to pass a certain time in the desert, enduring hunger and thirst, and the rigour of cold, and the toil of running, and the pain of being well whipped; after which, if he had not learned wisdom, the very devil must have been in him. The trials here enumerated, however, amount only to eight; but M. Von Hammer tells us, like a true *savant*, that there would be no difficulty in discovering the other four, which would make up the full number. Easy as the discovery might be, he did not undertake it, however; and as we apprehend we should find it somewhat difficult, we follow the example of the author, and leave it to the sagacity of the reader, who, we assure him, will find the matter very easy.

"It is," says M. Von Hammer, "the Fathers of the church themselves, Tertullian and Justin, who inform us of the resemblance of the sacraments of Mithra with those of Christianity; with baptism, confirmation, and the eucharist, which were preceded by the rough trials of which we have spoken, and followed by the consecration of the novices to the different offices of the initiated." He then quotes the following passage from St. Croix's learned work on the mysteries of Paganism:—"Purified by these fierce trials, the initiated were afterwards supposed to be regenerated by a species of baptism, which was always accompanied by a lustration of water performed through all the city and in the temple. A certain mark was made on the forehead of the aspirant, or, perhaps an unction, conformably to the practice of the Christians. Bread and a vase of water were then offered, while certain mysterious words were uttered as a form of consecration. The initiated was then crowned, and pronounced to be a soldier of Mithra."

The degrees of initiation were seven, although a passage of St. Jerome appears, by being misprinted, to insinuate that they were eight. The aspirant was at first called the Raven—then he became a Gryphus, an animal with which we have not the honour of being acquainted—then a soldier—then a *lion* (we hope this is not a false reading for an *ass*)—then Perseus—then Heliodromus—and lastly a father. Women were denominated hyenas, or *pigs*, the reason of which the reader must seek for in Aristophanes, or in Erasmus; or anywhere he pleases—it is too mysterious to be explained here. The most celebrated of the festivals of Mithra was observed in the spring, and on that day the King of Persia might legally get drunk. He got drunk illegally, we suppose, on other days of the year. This festival is still celebrated by the Persians, who on this day send each other presents of sweetmeats, while every man kisses his friend. But we must draw our speculations to a conclusion, by recommending the learned memoir of M. Von Hammer to every person who possesses the least curiosity respecting the ancient religions of the east. It is a treasure of oriental erudition, and will even add new lustre to the name of its able and industrious author. It should be added that the work is illustrated by numerous engravings.

Poetry of the Magyars. By John Bowring, L.L.D. Post 8vo. London, 1830.

PERHAPS it is for the first time that many of our readers are informed of the existence of the Magyar Nyelv,† and the beauties of the Magyar Nemzeti Dallók.‡ The name of Mr. Otto Wi-

† Hungarian language.

‡ Hungarian popular songs.

gand, who, we doubt not, is a highly enlightened and enterprising bibliophile, seems as singular an ornament to the title-page of our author, as probably that of Murray or Colburn would, if prefixed to the important works brought out at Pesth or Buda. Nay, the names of Vitkovics, Csokonai, Buczai, Kölcsey, Tóth, and Szentmiklossy, euphonious as they doubtless are to the gentle readers of Hungary, do not come trippingly off the tongue by any means, when attempted to be dealt with by our English organs of speech, unused as yet to the tones of Magyar melody.

It appears, then, on the surface of the volume before us, that it possesses, at least, one potent recommendation to the reading public—namely, novelty and strangeness in its outward form and features. We, who have ventured to dive to as great a depth below the surface as a tolerably active use of our paper-cutter would take us, can assure the reader that more than outward qualities contribute to make it fertile with amusement and interest. The work abounds in spirited and sparkling translations from the several veins of popular poetry—comic, pathetic, or martial,—and exhibits several singularly-interesting specimens of the national Hungarian ballad.

"Of the popular poetry" (says our author) "of the Magyars, little can be referred to a high antiquity. A fragment of an ancient poem is still sung by Hungarian children, thus:

Lengyel László jó királyunk
Az is nekünk ilensegünk."

Nothing, however, but these two lines remain. The martial songs of their warlike ancestors have not been saved out of the oblivion of old time. Of the historical songs, none are earlier than those of the wars of the last Hungarian revolution. Of the oral stories (*Mesék* or *Régek*) of the Magyars, I shall translate Mailath's interesting description:—

"The Magyar story-tellers are one of the many evidences of the Oriental origin of the people. Like the Night-fablers of Arabia, they go on by the hour—aye, by the night long—without wearying their hearers. These are for the most part to be found among soldiers and peasants. The stories, which in other lands are preserved only in work-rooms and nurseries to our days, are narrated in Hungary in the porch, by watch and shepherd fires, and amidst the night labours of the field. The character of the Magyar tale is wholly unlike that of southern lands. The hero is generally a student, a soldier, or a king's son. His companion, a magic horse called *Tatós*, who is his counsellor and saviour. His enemy is often a dragon with six, nine, or twelve heads, and the hero must undergo three ordeals; and this number is the ruling one throughout the story. There is a sharpness and oddity about the conception, and an original development of the plot. The scenery, and the deeds of the principal actors, show that the stories emanate from a people who lived in elevated places. The narrator sometimes unites two or three stories in one—sometimes divides one into many—elaborates or changes it according to his own caprice or the demands of his audience. It has happened that many tales of foreign origin have been introduced, which have been all nationalized by time. I remember to have heard a celebrated story-telling woman in the Abaujvár district, narrate one of Gozzi's best tales; and the well-known and foreign 'Swan Maiden' is current all over Hungary. The national may be immediately distinguished from the exotic."

"Of the Lyrics of the nation, the collection I have translated will serve to give a fair idea. To advocate their merits as literary compositions is no part of my task. I have given nearly the whole that have reached me, in order to

§ László the Foe—the good king—he
He also is our enemy.

show what are the Songs of the Magyar people. Hungarian towns and villages, and rivers and plains, and hills and valleys, have been painted and described by many. Here are some of the thoughts of those who dwell there. The dresses of Hungary and Transylvania decorate many books, and are the subject of many pictures. Here are some of the adornings of the inward man—here is something of the costume of mind."

We extract the following droll apology for Magyar language and manners:—

The Tiszian.

From the smiling fields of Rakosh, on the market-day of Pest,
Lo! an Over-Tiszian Chikosh in his snowy bunda drest;
Bunda wearing, bagpipes bearing,
And he seeks the "Three Cups" Tavern, where they sell of wine the best.

There they jok'd the sheep-clad Chikosh—asked him if in Tiszian land
People spoke the Magyar language, and could Magyar understand?

Or if Tiszians spoke like Grecians?
So when they had ceased their laughing, thus he answered out of hand:—

"Our Hungarians out of pitchers drink the overflowing wine,
Spice their food with rich paprika, and from ancient platters dine;
Your Hungarians are Barbarians,
And the manners of our fathers, scouted by such sons, decline.

"Your Danubeans, not Hungarians—out of tinkling glasses drink,
Eat their roast from latin dishes, pleased to hear their glasses clink;
Silly traitors!—while their betters
Think they are but bastard Magyars, though they say not all they think.

"We have not a Tiszian hostess—none! but speaks our Magyar;
Here they prattle out their German—pretty patriots they are!
But if German they prefer, man,
Soon would each wine-drinking Magyar fly from their infected bar.

"Priests and preachers midst our Tiszians speak our Magyar tongue alone;
E'en our Russianian papas make the Magyar tongue their own.
Here, Teutonic, or Ratzonic;
Any, any thing but Magyar—and of Magyar nothing known."

The following lines establish an Epicurean and Utilitarian test of conjugal fitness:—

The Magyar Maid.

The Magyar maid alone should be
The wife of Magyar man,
For she can cook, and only she,
Our soup of red cayenne.

I'll nestle at the village end,
There make my peaceful home,
For there the gentle dovelets wend,
And there my dove shall come.

I mowed the grass, the sheaves I bound,
And labour'd through the day,
Then fell exhausted on the ground—
My maiden was away.

Alas! my heart is orphaned now,
And laid in sorrow's train:
The flowers are dead that wreath'd my brow,
My sickle is in twain.

The following state a pretty frequent consequence of matrimony:—

The Complaint of the Young Wife.

Her labouring hands the meal must knead,
Her busy toil must make the bread;
The priest may read his records o'er:
The lord and master take the air;
But there is nought but grievous care
And heavy labour for the poor.

As from the rock the mad cascade
Falls—so did I—a thoughtless maid—
Wed—when it had been well to tarry,
O could I be a maid again,
That man must be a man of men,
Who should seduce the maid to marry!

The following characteristic old effusion must positively form our last extract. The progress

of the Magyars from Scythia is described, till they send a messenger to the banks of the Danube, who returns with a flattering account of the fatness of the land: They

then decreed, a snow-white steed
The Magyar should convey;
With golden bit, and saddle rich,
And thus be charged to say:

"The men, who out of Scythia came,
Have sent this steed to thee;
And from thy grace, they ask a place
To settle quietly."

The Count saw nought of what was thought
By those the steed who sent;
And for the love of snow-white steed,
His land was from him rent.

"Go, messenger," he said; "declare"—
His folly went so far—
"I give whatever lands they ask,
To the brave Magyar."

The messengers delighted heard;
Their bosoms filled with glee,
They said, "Farewell!" and went to tell
Their tale in Erdely.

They made a call on heroes all,
And straight a council held;
And summoned every man to meet
The Herczeg in the field.

And thrice on Isten's name they called,
The Deus of their prayer:
And then the Godhead's title gave
To Szamos' city there.

And yet we recollect the day,
And in all bargains we
Still loudly "Deus! Deus!" say,
In that time's memory.

And when the bands were ready all,
They order'd heralds three;
The Polish Lord, with this bold word,
To visit speedily:

"Remember, Herczeg! what thou dost—
To leave the land prepare;
Which thou hast sold to Magyars bold:
The Magyars hasten here."

The heralds sought the Polish Count,
And bent them low and meek;
Yet free from fright, they spoke outright,
As Arpad bade them speak.

"For snow-white steed thou gav'st the land;
For golden bit, the grass;
For the rich saddle, Duna's stream:
Now bring the deed to pass."

The Herczeg laugh'd at first, nor cared
For what the heralds brought:
But soon his rage o'ercame his mirth,
And thus he spoke his thought:

"'Twere better to have slain the steed,
Than sport such dangerous wit;
The saddle hide 'neath Duna's stream;
Beneath the grass, the bit."

The heralds to the Herczeg said,
"Your Highness need not storm;
The bargain made with Magyar men,
Your Highness must perform."

"We give not milk-white steeds to hounds,
To fish no saddles gay;
To reapers give no golden bits;
We know not what they'd say."

And so the heralds hasten back;
While, fill'd with dread alarms,
Retreating wide to Duna's side,
The Count his army arms.

At Kelenfold, Arpad the bold
O'er Duna's waters goes;
At Csáke's land his forces mann'd—
In Tetem were the foes.

The Magyar throng in Erd was strong,
And on Szászhalom's plain:
In those proud wars, the Magyars,
By God upheld, their foemen quell'd,
And mighty was their gain.

His brave ones dead, the Herczeg fled—
Alone he fled—alone:
The Magyars ranks reach'd Duna's banks—
The Polish Count was gone.

Alone he ran, poor flying man!
What could he do but leap;
To save himself in Duna's stream,
And hide him in the deep!

Arpad look'd round with joy to see
His conquest fair and far;
And more while from a mountain's top
He look'd on Fejervár.

The kingdom thus was won by us,
And Magyar-ország high;
From Nemet men we won it then,
And still 'tis ours by right.

* Hungary—the land of the Magyars.

[Several stanzas are wanting here. It concludes thus—]

Of those who gain'd the Magyar land,
A chief as bold as any,
Was Buda, who, when Arpad died,
Was Magyar's *Kepitany*;
He reared his throne by Duna's banks,
Near Pesth along the hill;
And Buda's city, fair and rich,
Preserves his memory still.

We take leave of our author with thanks for the entertainment which his very pretty volume has afforded us. It is pleasing to see the names of men of letters of all parties (whether extant or extinguished) in the List of Subscribers; and we hope that the wider enterprise announced from the same quarter, under the title of "The Songs of Scandinavia," will meet with encouragement adequate to its spirit and comprehensiveness.

The Christian Physiologist—Tales illustrative of the Five Senses; their Mechanism, Uses, and Government. By the Author of "The Collegians." London, 1830. Bull.

In this volume, the author of "The Collegians," under the title—a feigned one, we conclude—of editor, appears before the public in the double character of lecturer and writer of romances. In the former capacity, he instructs a youthful friend on the mechanism of the senses, and their use: in the latter, he illustrates, by tales, the evil effects of their abuse. These few words are enough to show that the purpose and plan of the book are excellent; and we regret that we feel it should be incumbent on us to object, in any respect, to the manner of its execution. As to the romantic part of the performance, we have little or nothing to say; we have no charge to make against it; and the reputation of the author's ability, as a writer of romances, is too well established to need our praise.

It is of the introductory matter, in which the scope of the book is developed, that we find it necessary to complain. It is irreligious and unphilosophical. Irreligious, we repeat, for we maintain that that man, however honest his purpose, is actuated by some other principle than a pure religious feeling, who takes such a gloomy view of mundane affairs as to declare, that there is no consolation in friendship—none in attachments; that affection, and every worldly comfort, are hollow pleasures. The author of "The Collegians" may have erred in his early life; more disposed to romance than to the exercise of sound judgment,—the want of which is so manifest in the very first pages of his *Christian Physiologist*—he may have placed his affections on undeserving objects—he may have been "cheated" in his dearest attachments—and may have reason to declare that "the world is no longer for him, but a lonely wilderness in which he has no bond of social interest, and where he can only see 'men as trees walking.'" But he is assuredly in error himself, if he holds the opinion, and would mislead his young friend, should he persuade him to adopt it—that this doctrine holds universally with pious men. There are those who know how to combine preparation for the life to come, with the fullest enjoyment in this world of the delights to be derived from the social feelings with which Providence has blessed them—certainly for their good. We are sorry, for his sake, that the author of "The Collegians" is not of this class.

But the principal mischief of such exaggerated representations, or rather misrepresentations, as those with which the introductory chapter of the volume now before us abounds, is, that they defeat the object, laudable as it may be, with which they are made. In nine cases out of ten, the youthful mind is too sagacious not to perceive the error into which its monitor has fallen, and then despises and neglects not only

† Chieftain

what is false, but what is true, in his instructions. It is in vain that you assure a youth that none but the vicious are sceptical on matters of religion, when, in looking around among his acquaintance, he is most likely to perceive, that those who profess the most are the least strict in practice; and, it may happen, that, of all his friends, the one most regular in his life and in the performance of his duties, is he who has been affected—afflicted, we may say—with doubts. The religion we profess requires not to be inculcated by means of falsehood, however well meant; and the Christian Physiologist may be assured that there is no mode of instructing youth so injudicious, so pernicious, as deception, or concealment of the truth. We could say much on this subject, but our limits forbid us, and shall, therefore, proceed to a pleasanter part of our duty, which lies in making known to our readers the better qualities of the book before us.

The best parts of this volume seem to us to be the observations on the use and abuse of each sense, which follow the descriptions of its peculiar mechanism. The characteristic sketches which are found interspersed among those remarks, are especially spirited. In a sequel, for instance, to "The Mechanism and Uses of Feeling," we are favoured with the following lively

Portrait of a Voluptuary in Feeling.

"If contempt were not an unchristian feeling that should be checked on every occasion as soon as it arises within the mind, I know one character at least by which it might be excited in a very forcible degree. It is that of the voluptuous man, who, in the vigour of his health and manhood, caters for his comfort like a convalescent—a helpless creature, who is afraid to burthen with the weight of his own frame a set of muscles capable of upholding a burthen that would strain the back of a young horse. He shrinks like a blasted nabob from the slightest breath that agitates the perfumed atmosphere of his apartment, and stuns your ears with accounts of draughts from the windows and from the doors, together with expedients for their modification, until you fancy you are speaking with a poor terrified Italian of the malaria. He makes a greater preparation for shaving his beard in the morning than a sensible man would use before the amputation of a limb, and considers the keenest edge no finer than a handsaw. He inquires of his man, ere he descends, what way the wind blows, and takes his seat on the lee side of the screen, lest he should be blown away by one of those awful parlour hurricanes while he is eating his potted shrimps and chocolate. To excess, indeed, of all kinds he is a stranger; but the love of virtue is not the safeguard which protects him. He is thoroughly sensual; but the labour of an intense enjoyment is the Rubicon which he will not pass. He creeps, and shrinks, and shivers himself into a premature old age; and is at length moulted out of the world by dyspepsy and hypochondriasm." 158-9.

We recommend the following remarks on the

Use of Perfumes.

"Look upon it ever as a sign of a masculine intellect and a strong understanding to neglect the voluptuous gratification of this sense (of smell.) This is a folly which should be left altogether to the masculine imitators of the weaker sex. They are shameless slaves to it, whose chambers are filled with wasteful odours; who expend on vials of unwholesome perfume that wealth which is committed to them for the advantage of their fellow creatures, and whose study appears to be that they may leave no breath unpoisoned or unpolluted of the fresh and wholesome air that surrounds them. A man that is wrapped up in perfumes is surely a pitiable creature.

"This fashion, which was once disgustingly prevalent, is now confined, in a great measure, to persons of vulgar and mean habits, who are not only heedless of their religious obligations, but ignorant of the customs of good society. Still however the folly is not wholly banished from even the better informed classes of mankind; and it is a hideous cruelty, that a gentleman of moderate fortune will keep in his desk, for the purpose of perfuming note-paper, a vial of perfume, the price of which would pay the house-rent of a poor peasant, in our provinces, for a whole year. There is besides, a manifest rudeness in the use of artificial odours, which no well educated person ought to offer to society. Predilections in this sense are as various as in that of taste; and it seems as unreasonable, that a man should compel every person he meets to inhale that single odour which he thinks agreeable (but which to many may be quite the reverse), as if a host should measure the tastes of his company by his own, and oblige them all to partake of a certain dish, because it happened to be his favourite." p. 208—10.

We perceive much nice discrimination, and no despicable display of descriptive power, in the pictures, which occur in the chapter on Taste, of

The Drunkard and the Sot,—the Glutton, and the Epicure.

"There are several classes of voluptuaries who deliver themselves up, unreasonably, to the gratification of this sense. There are drunkards and gluttons—and there are minor subdivisions of these two fundamental species. In drunkenness, society is burthened with the drunkard and the sot; both sensualists of a different character. In the vice of gluttony we also find the glutton in quantity—and the epicure, or glutton in quality.

"The drunkard is a lean and sunken-eyed being, the current of whose life is reduced to a poor half-pint, and one-half of that is settled in his nose. He drinks for the sake of the stimulus, and seems scarcely to live when the excitation is at an end. You see him then with blood-shot eyes, and mean and trailing pace, crawling along the earth, or standing still with his limbs hanging about him like those of a pasteboard Merry Andrew, when the child has ceased to pull its string. All his sober moments are employed in efforts to appease the anger of those friends whom he has offended in his maudlin fits. He takes indignities with patience—not the patience of a Christian, but that of a coward; a coward who murders his friend in his heart, while he crouches to him in appearance. Every feeling, every care, every project, are forgotten in this single and beastly propensity; every duty is sacrificed; every obligation is slighted; every affection surrendered to its gratification.

"The sot is a sensualist of another order, different in appearance and different in character. He is a huge bloated creature with a lead-coloured complexion and stupid sleepy eyes, into which no human excitement can infuse a spark of fire or intelligence. His drink is ale, or some heavy malt liquor, which will gradually stupefy and beget a dull oblivion, without at any time wholly depriving him of consciousness. The drunkard acts as if his brains were converted into fire; the sot would lead you to believe that his cranium contained a huge lump of mud. He smokes his pipe, and gulps down his coarse draught for the sake of the sedative, not like the drunkard, in pursuit of stimulus. But both are nothing better than the brute.

"Yet why should I libel the poor brutes by such a comparison? It is a shame to call a man a beast, when he puts on a character which no well-regulated animals in the whole Linnæan system would assume. Poor sinless things! I wrong you vilely, when I class you with the

glutton and the drunkard. Who ever saw a horse with a paunch like some human creatures, or a hog with a carbuncled proboscis? What dog, unless a dog tutored by man, would surfeit himself on made-dishes, like an epicure, and turn up his nose at plain beef or mutton? Who talks of intemperance in a pig-stye? What, if the poor hog does love a roll in the mire, and eats his pease at the rate of a quart to the mouthful, still it is a sober beast, and fulfils its part in the system of the universal harmony. It would blush, if a hog could blush, to neglect its little squeaking family for the best trough of pease, or the vilest slough that ever tempted him. It is egregious flattery to call a drunkard or a glutton a beast.

"The glutton, whose passion regards the quantity of his diet, is a hideous creature. To please himself, he would have his stomach as capacious as a post-bag. He envies his horse when he enters the stable, and sees him tugging at a rack full of hay. He emulates the quadruped, and goes on dilating, like the frog in Æsop, till he is ready to explode from plethora. An apoplectic stroke, in general, concludes his feast, and sends him straight from the table to his tomb.

"The epicure is a daintier sinner. He prides himself on a degree of imaginative delicacy in eating, which only proves him to be the more thorough sensualist. The glutton is only devoted in body to the passion, his mind is suffered to stagnate or run wild as it pleases. But the epicure brings both into play. He makes his intellect subservient to the uses of the passion, and debases the lofty faculties of his eternal nature to the service of a mean and selfish appetite.—Who would not suppose that the following passage from a fragment of Plato's comedies, had been written for the benefit of those philosophers—

"What is your science
But kitchen science? Wisely to descant
Upon the choice bits of a savoury carp,
And prove by logic that his summum bonum
Lies in his head: there you can lecture well,
And whilst your grey beards wag, the gaping guest
Sits wondering with a foolish face of praise."

"Nature, having denied reason to the brutes, wisely ordained that the means of their subsistence should be thinly scattered over the earth, and that they should seldom find food in masses sufficiently abundant to produce a surfeit. A horse who enters on a pasture field with the hungriest inclinations, can do no more in the course of a day than graze a tolerable meal. The same provision was not resorted to in the instance of man; for his reason rendered the precaution unnecessary. But he has contrived to escape the restraint of that severe admonisher in this as well as in other cases." p. 250—5.

As a specimen of the tales, we select a portion of

The Self-consumed,

which is intended as a lesson on selfishness, and follows the chapter on the mechanism of smell. We give the latter portion only, not having room for more; but justice requires us to add, that the preceding part of the narrative, which describes a previous interview between the two principal personages, who figure in the following extract, and which is supposed to take place before the fury of the maniac had become subdued by his last illness, is, perhaps, the most powerfully written passage in the whole book. Its length obliges us to reject it in favour of the extract which is subjoined; and, for the explanation of which, it is merely necessary to premise, that Aodh, the Thanist of Meath, was, in his youth, as we are told, one of the most luxurious princes in his nation. The occasion of his reform is related as follows:—

"Arming himself, accordingly, with a skene, or dagger, and a brazen sword, he went, at the dead of the night, in the course of the following

week, to the ill-reputed valley. It was moonlight, as before, and the shadow of the dallan was thrown upon the pass, but there was not a human being in sight, and he heard only the cawing of the rooks in the adjoining wood. He approached the cave of the maniac, and heard, within, low moans, and the voice of a stranger alternated with that of the madman.

"Comfort yourself," said the stranger, "until I can see you again. Cling fast to your hope and repentance; I will return before day-break, to see that you want no assistance, and will send immediately a brother of our convent to attend on your sick-bed."

"Hearing a footstep approach the mouth of the cave, Aodh drew back into the shade, which was cast from the projection of the rock. An aged man came out, distinguished by the tonsure and the girdle of the Franciscan monks, and Aodh heard a faint blessing from the sick man follow his departure.

"After waiting until he had passed wholly out of sight, Aodh entered the cavern, and remained for some moments, endeavouring, by the light of two or three rushes, twisted together, and dipped in oil, to discern the person of the maniac. He lay extended at full length on a bed of weeds, in a corner near the light, and raised his head a little when he heard the step of Aodh.

"Whoever thou art," he said in a faint voice, "before thou approachest nearer, take that wooden cup, and bring me a draught of water from the fountain; I am almost dying of thirst."

"Aodh complied with his request, and, taking the treene, or wooden cup, brought him from the neighbouring fountain a draught of the purest water.

"The sick man, no longer, evidently, a maniac, took the cup, and placed it to his lips with eagerness. On a sudden, however, he removed the draught, untasted, and overturned the cup on the earth.

"Wretch that I am," he said, "it is a luxury which should be given to more innocent souls. It was that baneful love of sensual delight, that made me what I am."

"After perusing for a moment, with a mournful eye, the splendour of the Prince's apparel, he added, in a sad tone:—

"But you were kind to give, though I am not worthy to receive it. I see, by your apparel that you are now standing in the danger which was to me so fatal; and I cannot better repay the kindness you have shown me, nor ease my own mind more effectually, than by telling you my story.

"You are not so young as to be quite ignorant of the fame of Maolruna, the beautiful queen of Leix? Her husband was a warrior, rugged and simple in his habits, much employed in war and in the chase, but she was full of luxury and indolence. The sweetest perfumes filled her chambers, and she bathed her person every day in the Poictou wine, which the Gaulish merchants left upon our coasts, in exchange for the peltry and rich stuffs with which our woods and looms supplied them. Little she thought of her immortal soul, and little of the poor whom famine brought around her gates. I had obtained the quality of filea, at the college of Beanchoir, when I was appointed to fill that office in her household. The atmosphere of luxury was new to me, severe from the discipline of our monastic life; but I found it difficult to withstand the laughter of Maolruna's eyes. The spirits who hear me, good and evil, know what struggles I made to keep myself pure from the contagion of her palace; but in every struggle I yielded something to the tempter, and, what I would have shuddered to contemplate at the first, I grew by little and little to admire. My apparel became gay, like yours, and the simplicity of my life was gone. I thought it harmless to sit

for hours, gazing on the beauty of my mistress, and, at her desire to wake, to the strains of evil and intoxicating passion, the harp that I had always taught to celebrate the gentle beauties of nature, and the praises of its author. I drank, and eat, and laughed with Maolruna, and thought of duty as of a dream of childhood.

"At first, my mistress, who knew no deeper sin than that excessive love of sensual delight, favoured me only for the skill with which I touched the clarsech, and rewarded me with smiles which were full of the gaiety of innocence; for all her sin hitherto, was the sin of omission and of thoughtlessness. But soon there grew an altered consciousness in our demeanour, and a more disturbed and passionate feeling in my own heart. It troubled my breast, and filled me with a mixture of guilty joy and shuddering, such as I had never felt before.

"One evening, while I stood in the entrance of the sacred crypt, which was attached to the palace, a female attendant approached me, dressed in the long veil and silver bodkin, which Maolruna's women wore out of doors. She handed me this dagger, which you now see stained with rust, and bade me not fail to be present beside the dallan, in this valley, when the moon should rise.

"I promised to obey, although my bosom was distracted by alternate fits of rapturous and terrific expectation. Concealing the dagger beneath my long white dress, throwing a shower of delicious perfume over my person, and hanging a small crucifix, or harp, around my neck, I hurried to the place of appointment, just as the moon showed her silver rim above the mountain that wallied in the fair recess, upon the east.

"I found, as I expected, Maolruna sitting all alone beside the dallan. She welcomed me with an air of gloomy delight—for guilty passion has nothing of lightheartedness in its enjoyment. We sat down in silence, and, unbidden, I sung to my short-stringed cruit, one of those impassioned strains, which were now so dangerously grateful to her ear. Sigh after sigh burst from the lips of the listener, and the triumph of crime within my heart, was completed in intention.

"But towards the close of the song, I observed that a strange light fell upon the strings of my instrument. It was not the moonlight, for it flung the shadow upwards, and its hue was that of a ghastly and whitish blue. Turning suddenly to Maolruna, I beheld her trembling violently, and in the attitude of prayer. A light blue flame flickered around her face and hands, which she made some terrified efforts to shake away, but it clung to her as if it had its origin within herself; and so it had. It spread over all her frame, and with shrieks of terror and of anguish she called on me to aid and save her. I wrapped my mantle around her, but her groans still rent my heart, and when I drew it away, there came with it burning tresses, and particles of a cold phosphoric flame. Wild with horror and agony, I hurried downward to the lake, and filled a vessel with the water. I hastened back, and poured it on her head—but the flame burned up more fiercely than before. Her shrieks made the vale re-echo, and my own cries of terror, joined to hers, brought many to the place. Again I hurried to the lake, but on my return, I found only a crowd of terrified people gazing on a heap of black and clammy ashes, that covered the dallan, the neighbouring shrubs, and lay all around the place where Maolruna had been sitting.

"Madness possessed me. With a shriek of rage and horror I rushed upon the crowd, and buried the fatal dagger, the signal of this guilty appointment, in the breast of the first person who approached. I can remember nothing more. I felt as if awakened from a long sleep on this morning, when the Franciscan laid his hand upon my shoulder, and bade me to repent.

I know not yet if I can be successful, but I desire your prayers, and I implore you to avoid my errors. The Franciscan tells me, that the death of Maolruna may in part be attributed to natural causes, and that there might be a mercy in the interposition which saved her from the depth of sin, on which she bordered. I hope it fervently. Rarely, he says, it is, that Providence visits the guilty with such terrific punishments on earth; for his compassion postpones the date of their condemnation, in pity of their wilfulness. But sometimes he permits such horrible and appalling judgments to take place, in order that the negligent may take warning, and the good become more fervent."

"When he had ended the words, the Franciscan returned with one of his brethren, and Aodh took his departure. The impression made on him by the story of the maniac, was so permanent, that he very speedily retrenched the needless expenses of his life, perceiving, that whatever may be said of the magnificence needful for the support of rank, it is more just that the high-born should abridge the splendours of life, than that the poor should want its necessities." p. 236—44.

Causes Criminelles Célèbres du Dix-neuvième Siècle. Redigées par une Société d'Avocats. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris.

In Catholic countries there is a class of men set apart from the rest of the community by the sanctity of their profession—a distinct and holy caste, which is on the earth, but not of it. Like the ancient priests, the children of Aaron, they possess certain privileges and immunities which sufficiently distinguish them from the mass of citizens; but besides these, they are hedged round by the gratuitous veneration of mankind as by the walls of a temple. Like oil cast into a river, and mixing without amalgamating with its billows, they float on the troubled waters of human life without being ruffled by the storms of passion, or contaminated by the dark clouds of guilt which are vomited up from the muddy bottom in the turmoil and collision of the waves. No actions of theirs, no instances of individual depravity among them, can destroy this character of their class; for their authority is from on high,—they are the anointed of God; and it would be as useless to question the genuineness of their commission, as it would be impious, if genuine, to dispute it. To destroy the *idea* of this sanctity would be to destroy the order—to destroy the Roman Catholic faith; and to punish publicly a crime committed by one of the body, would therefore be to strike a blow at religion itself. To drag a priest from his city of refuge, the temple of the most high God, and expose him upon the scaffold, would be to tear the crucifix from the altar, and dash it under foot: it would be an overt act of treason even against the state, for so closely are the religious and political fabrics interwoven, that when crucifixes fall, continental thrones must totter.

If good men be likely to ascend the steps of the altar, as leading to a high place where their light will be more conspicuous, and where it can more readily attain for them the homage and veneration of mankind; bad men also, it may be conceived, will sometimes enter within the pale, to relieve themselves from the laws of society which are in operation without, and to seek in the rules of the sanctuary impunity for their crimes. An example of the latter may be found in the famous case of the Curé Migrat. The notoriety of this affair would deter us from

* For an account of some interesting cases of self-combustion similar to that above related, the reader may consult Beck's *Medical Jurisprudence*. There is one in particular, of an Italian Countess, who died in the same manner, from a long habit, among other luxuries, of bathing her person in camphorated spirits of wine."

entering even into the short narrative we intend to present to the reader, were we not convinced that the public attention from being directed with such intensity to the crime which originated the trial, has in a great measure overlooked the more important fact which the consequent investigation elicited—viz. the facility with which in those countries the surplice of a priest may be used to cloak the crime, and, when discovered, to shield the criminal.

Born in poverty and obscurity, and without taste or talent for study, Mingrat crept into the church on his knees—not assuming this posture of humility before God, but before man. At an age when other young people are determined in the choice of a profession, either by the influence of their parents, or by some generous or whimsical inclination of inexperienced youth, Mingrat, on the most sordid calculations of worldly interest, determined on entering the immediate service of his Maker as a minister of the sanctuary. When interrogated about his motives, his only reply was—"It is the will of heaven." When quite a boy, he prevailed upon his companions to shave his head, that he might exhibit at least some of the external tokens of the priesthood; and his mother was scandalized at the impiety which had dared to make a lay head as bare as a churchman's. Introduced at sixteen to a female devotee of some influence, he spoke to her only of God and his divine Redeemer, taking care always at each of these words to make the sign of the cross, and to interlard his discourse with the exclamation, "Oh that I were a priest!" The lady at length inquired into his motive for wishing so earnestly to embrace the ecclesiastical life, and he answered as usual, "It is the will of heaven!" Yielding to a will so omnipotent, and coming to her through so direct a channel, she sent the youth to a seminary at Grenoble, to which he travelled in company with twelve other indigent children, destined by heaven and their patrons to the sacerdotal gown.

The dunce and informer of the school, Mingrat lived in Grenoble at his ease, and made a regular progress towards the dignity which he coveted. In due time he received the sacrament of the order, and was appointed Curé of St. Aupe. "Would anybody dare to attack the reputation of a priest?" This had always been his favourite sentence, and here its meaning was even more distinctly obvious than at Grenoble, where his derelictions from the duties of his calling were confined to an indulgence in the commoner sorts of debauchery, which in young men subjected to their debasing actions, as Burns assures us, and he was no bad authority,

—"hardens n' within,
An' petrifies the feeling."

Here the surplice of the priest was used to cover deeds which the gown of the student would have but scantily concealed.

It was long before his enormities met with the notice of the authorities—before the miserable inhabitants, bound hand and foot in the trammels of Catholic superstition, dared to raise their voices loud enough to be heard against the perjured and infanticidal priest. At length the moment arrived in which human feelings were strained to the "top of their bent," and an instantaneous reaction followed of necessity. Those who had only been devotees before, now, all on a sudden, became men; they rushed in a crowd to the magistrates, and the delinquent was ordered to leave his curacy.

What was his punishment? To what dungeon was he confined? To what atoning sufferings and indignities was he subjected?—He was transferred to the curacy of St. Quentin! "Mettez," said a brother priest, but of a very different character, "*mettez une montagne entre vous et les hommes!*" Mingrat obeyed the injunction only metaphorically, and placed a mountain of pride

and austerity of manner between him and the sympathies of men. Even dancing—in France the grand panacea for all the evils of humanity—was prohibited to his parishioners; but on the day of the patron saint of the place, when the young lads and lasses, conceiving themselves released by the peculiar nature of the holiday from a strict observance of the laws of the Curé, ventured to infringe them, Mingrat went up to the belfry, and witnessed, through a hole, the pleasures he had forbidden in his sermons.

In the history of any other man this would be an affecting incident, and we should picture to ourselves, with a sigh, the hermit-priest, the desolate and solitary man, cut off by a peculiar destiny from a participation even in the most innocent pleasures of his kind, looking on by stealth, and at a distance, at a scene which he alone was forbidden to enjoy. But Mingrat, a sensualist by constitution, had deliberately chosen the priestly profession as a cloak for the crimes which he foresaw he should be plunged into by a disposition he had predetermined to leave uncontrolled.

"At this epoch Mingrat had scarcely attained his twenty-eighth year. With black and straight hair, a narrow forehead, large eye-brows hanging over a dusky eye of a gloomy and treacherous expression, a ferocious look, thick lips, capable of exhibiting the characteristics only of anger or disdain, an erect figure, of massive and almost colossal proportions,—such was the appearance of the man whose guilty conduct had thrown him, unfortunately for them, into the midst of the peaceable inhabitants of St. Quentin."

There lived in the neighbourhood a happy couple, Stephen Charnalet, and Mary Gérin, his wife; the latter a young woman of twenty-six, beautiful, amiable and pious. Her religious feelings led her often to the church, and her beauty attracted the eyes of the Curé; he looked and loved, as such men can love; and as a natural consequence of this mood of mind, he vowed her destruction. To obtain the privilege of visiting at her house was easy, for the visits of the Curé are esteemed an honour by the parishioners; but to make her understand his guilty wishes was more difficult, for the purity of her heart, as well as her unaffected piety, forbade her even to dream of so unthought-of an enormity as that of a criminal passion on the part of her Curé. Often when about to disclose the secret of his unhallowed love, he was rendered mute by her putting into his hands the savings from her humble housekeeping, which she had destined for the poor.

At length, determined to gratify his guilty passion, he took an opportunity of going to her house when she was alone; but a neighbour whom he had met, and who went into the house with him, a troublesome attendant, stuck fast for some time. At last Mary and he were alone, but only for a short time, for another visitor came in. A second time the field was left to him undisturbed; but this he now perceived was no place for his purpose, and he determined that the parsonage was the fittest stage for the tragedy.

At seven o'clock in the evening of the 8th of May, 1822, Mary went to the church to confession, and waiting for the priest, knelt for some time at the feet of an image of the Virgin. She was seen in this position by a lady, who observed at the same time, at the further end of the church, "a great black phantom, apparently without arms or legs, and wearing a three-cornered hat. The phantom approached, or rather darted, towards Mary, but stopping suddenly, recoiled, and disappeared through a door." As soon as the lady had left the church, and Mary was alone, the priest came forward in *propria persona* to confess her, but on some pretext desired her to follow him to the parsonage for that purpose.

† In France, the reader will recollect that the *curé* the parish priest.

There the unhappy young woman became the victim of the brutal violence of him, whom she had till then looked on as a revered protector.

In order to conceal his double crime, Mingrat threw the murdered body into the Isère, leaving Mary's handkerchief upon the bank to induce a suspicion that she had drowned herself; and returned home to burn the victim's clothes and his own cassock, and after setting everything in order, to smooth his agitated features, and prepare them for the light of a new day.

We shall spare the reader the details of the manner in which the crime was brought home to Mingrat, our present business being more particularly with the conduct of the legal authorities on the occasion.

Two persons had seen him on his last return to the parsonage, and gone from curiosity to look at the place he had left, which they found covered with blood. These persons, prudent and religious men no doubt, held their peace. The servant might be an important witness against him, and Mingrat dragged her to the foot of the sanctuary, and forced her to take an oath of secrecy. Before being prevailed upon to give her testimony in a court of justice, it was necessary to take the advice of the master of her soul—her confessing priest; and the oracle's answer was, "you are only obliged to reply to the questions that are put to you, and may be silent with regard to the rest." †

Public report, however, began at length to mention the Curé as the assassin, proofs increased, and the authorities deemed it proper to send two *gensdarmes* to the house of the suspected person. What they did at his house, or for what purpose they were sent there, we know not; but while they were actually present, Mingrat received a letter from a brother Curé to the following effect:—"The reports which circulate concerning you do you much injury; depart, if you are guilty;" and the priest with his breviary in his hand left the town publicly. While crossing the river Voreppe, he was thunderstruck at finding the mayor of St. Quentin a passenger in the same boat. The vigilant magistrate was on his way to St. Aupe, to inquire into the former life of the delinquent, and, taking it for granted that the runaway priest must have told him the truth, when he said he was going there himself, this second Solomon lost sight of him the moment after they landed. *Gensdarmes* were sent in pursuit, and followed the criminal to the frontiers, where they were obliged to leave the task to the Sardinian government. Some Piedmontese carabineers continued the pursuit, and at last apprehended Mingrat in a grotto at Echelles, reading his breviary aloud.

He was conducted to the prison of Chambéry, where he took advantage of the liberty allowed him, on account of his *cloth*, to attempt the perpetration of another atrocity. It is said that when visited in prison by one of the *grands vicaires* of Grenoble, it is impossible to say from what motive, Mingrat threw himself at his feet, crying "Oh, my father, I am guilty;—pardon me!" This public avowal appeared to *contrarier* the grand vicar, who made the people who were present go out, and remained in conversation with the prisoner alone.

The devotees of Chambéry in the meantime flocked with devout compassion to visit the *martyr* and, to soften the *rigour* of his captivity, sent him everything that could contribute to his comfort.

He was subsequently removed to Fenestrelle, where, for aught we know, he is at this moment.

In the meantime he was tried in France, and condemned to die—whenever it might be his pleasure to return and put his head into the

† Better informed afterwards of the duties which the letter even of the law imposes upon witnesses, he said "You must tell all you know."

guillotine. In vain did the brother of Mary address the public authorities, the Chambers, and the King, on the subject. In vain, by publishing a history of the crime, did he address himself to the NATION, insulted by the interference of its neighbour in protecting a French criminal, and degraded by the traitorous apathy of its ministers: persecution dogged his steps wherever he went; his book was seized, his liberty attacked, and his fortune beggared. The history of the Curé Mingrat forms, in every point of view, the blackest page in the annals of the nineteenth century.

History of France and Normandy, from the Accession of Clovis to the Battle of Waterloo. By W. C. Taylor, A.B. London: Whittaker & Co.

MR. TAYLOR again comes before us with renewed claims to our approbation. The arrangement of the present volume is precisely similar to that in the "Historical Miscellany," which we noticed in our third number of the present series. Mr. Taylor has so condensed his matter, as to give the whole substance of the best authorities on the ancient and modern history of France, in somewhat less than 400 closely-printed pages of post octavo. This he has done with considerable judgment and ability. He has appended a very excellent genealogical table of the French kings, from Clovis the First, of the Merovingian dynasty, down to Charles X., the reigning monarch. The whole is concluded with a Chronological Index. What we said of Mr. Taylor's former volume will equally apply to the present; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing this to be one of the most judicious class-books, for the edification of youth, which has come under our notice.

Select Orations of Demosthenes; with English Notes. By E. H. Barker, Esq. Baldwin & Co.

THIS is a very useful book for the classical student. The finest orations of the great Athenian orator are selected and illustrated by copious English notes. These, as the author remarks in his preface, are "rather explanatory than critical"; and we must say that they do considerable credit to Mr. Barker's scholarship. They evince much judgment, and a nice discrimination of his author's "deep and mighty" meanings. His interpretations of the less obvious passages, are generally supported by the highest acknowledged authorities. Leland's Preface and Introductions to the Orations, are judiciously introduced, by way of preparatory instruction to the pupil, as they are excellently well calculated to awaken the desire to study these outpourings of an almost superhuman mind. We think Mr. Barker deserves great credit for his labours; and the young aspirant after classical celebrity will find his progress greatly assisted by the work before us. The examination questions are a valuable addition: they are well calculated to exercise the pupil's ingenuity, to awaken his attention, and to stimulate his application. This is certainly a very excellent school-book.

A Treatise on Obstructed and Inflamed Hernia, and on Mechanical Obstructions of the Bowels internally. By Henry Stephens, M.R.C.S.

There is a great deal in this book worthy the attention of medical men. Mr. Stephens advocates a far more energetic and bold mode of treatment in cases of mechanical obstruction, than has hitherto been generally adopted; and though, like most men who have hobbies, he rides his rather hard, we agree most cordially with him in much that he says upon the subject. He throws new light upon some peculiar cases of rupture, and he deserves great credit, for the accuracy of his observations, and the successful practice which it has led him to pursue; but we must confess, that

we think he attributes rather more to his theory than is quite just, and accounts for several cases according to his own view of the disease, which might very well be regarded in a different point of view: yet on the whole we must repeat, that the work contains a great deal of very valuable matter.

PHILOMELA'S FIRST SONG AFTER HER METAMORPHOSIS.

START not, coeval minstrels of the grove,
Nor think a stranger hither rudely comes,
With deep and dull complaining song, to move
The happy quiet of your ancient homes!

I am a love-lorn, that may not presume
Your haunts of morn or evening hour to share;

Give me—what few will ask—a midnight gloom,
And on your mirth I may not, will not dare.

Look at my plumes (for I may call them so),
That wave thus sadly o'er a broken heart;
Say—are they fit with gaiety to show,
Or act a lover's, or a rival's part?

List to my song—'tis sad, and never sung
But when the gay birds all are lull'd to sleep;
I'd own the justice of my murder'd tongue,†
If I but caused one innocent to weep.

Then rest within your native fields and bow'rs
Secure from rivalry, except in woe:
Sweet artless tribe!—amid your trees and flow'rs,
I'll seldom with my broken music go.

Sorrow and pity have engender'd me;
Oh! then divide my melancholy birth—
Shun all the sorrow of my destiny;
But sometimes pity—ev'n amid your mirth!

PAGANINI.

[Concluded from p. 93.]

It signifies but little to Paganini for what particular instrument any music has been written: he has been known to enter a music-room, take up a tenor which he found at hand, and, without further preparation, play a violin accompaniment to some exercises composed by Cramer for the piano-forte. Paganini plays without distinction on all sorts of violins; although the one he usually performs on is a *Guarnerius*; but, what is strange, it is strung with thinner strings than are generally used. At one of his Concerts in Germany, some malicious person substituted a bad violin for the one Paganini had intended playing on—perhaps envying his reputation, and hoping that, thus taken unawares, he would lose some of his advantages; but his execution was not less brilliant than usual, and the change of instrument would not have been even suspected.

It frequently happens that a string of the violin will break;—such an accident never annoys Paganini: he continues to execute, without transposing a note, all that was written for the four strings. So completely is he master of his instrument, that, when it becomes out of tune, he finds means to disguise the imperfection. Sometimes, without any interruption, he tunes the fourth string to a higher pitch; and this he does with such dexterity, that it is not possible to perceive it.† He does not confess to

† Jugulum Philomela parabat;
Spemque suae mortis visio conceperat ense.
Ile indignanti et nomen patris usque vocanti,
Luctantique loqui comprehensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima linguae.
Ipsa jacet, terraeque tremens immurmurat atrae.

Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

† Though Paganini alone has the power of altering the pitch of a string, without interrupting the performance, yet the tuning the violin differently, for a particular movement, has been practised by Be. Beriot, who we remember to have heard play an air, for one variation of which he tuned the first string a note higher than usual: by this expedient he was enabled to execute certain *arpeggi*, which seemed of extraordinary difficulty to those who were unacquainted with this device.

this, nor should we be aware of the fact, had it not been communicated to us by an artist who has been long admitted to his intimacy.

The advantage which Paganini derives from this innocent trick, is, that he is enabled to produce notes on the fourth string which are beyond its usual compass, and which essentially belong to the third or the second—raising or lowering the pitch at pleasure during the performance. In the *point d'orgue* or *coronella*, he has recourse to half notes, by the aid of which he conducts his auditory from one wonder to another: he thus provokes and lays hold of the attention, and, when he has commanded it to the highest possible degree, he maintains it at that point by a succession of unlooked-for achievements, which excite to transports of enthusiasm.

The greatest musical professors are at a loss to explain how Paganini produces all these prodigious effects: not one of them has been able even to conceive his imitation of a *double flageolet*, any more than that metallic tone, by which he effects what would be mistaken for the sound of a bell, together with that of a single flageolet, holding, as it were, a conversation. Some professors determined to question him on the subject. One evening at Vienna, the principal instrumental performers in that city being brought together at a party at Paganini's house, the excellent quartetist, Schuppanzigg, and Mayseder, to whom the violin and the piano-forte are indebted for so many delightful compositions, pressed him to explain the method of his extraordinary execution. "Show us," said Mayseder, "how it is that you obtain, at the lower part of the instrument, those tones of the flageolet, which we can only produce near the bridge; and those *pizzicati staccati* of such unequalled strength and rapidity." But Paganini is not willing to disclose the grand mystery of his execution. "Mio caro," he answered, "*ognuno ha i suoi segreti*—My friend, all of us have our own secrets."—"Granted," replied the German violinist; "but you might publish yours without danger: I will guarantee you against imitators."

It would carry us to too great a length, were we to attempt to enumerate all the pieces composed by Paganini, and which form a collection which he increases every day. We shall content ourselves with naming a few. Among the most remarkable of those, which he executes with the fourth string only, are—the Sonata "Militare"; the "Prayer of Moses"; Haydn's popular Hymn, "Serba, oh Dio, Francesco Augusto!"; Mozart's Air, "Non piu andrai,"—in which he displays a boldness in the bowing absolutely inconceivable; and, lastly, the air of Weigle, "Pria che l'impegno," in which, among numberless other astonishing feats, he executes passages of octaves with such rapidity, that they might be taken for double stops; and some people have imagined that he produces two sounds at a time on one string alone.

Among the concertos most especially deserving notice, we may reckon the first, in which there is an *adagio appassionato*, of the most sublime and pathetic character. Expression was never before carried to such a pitch: it is really heart-breaking. The history of this composition is worth relating. Paganini had just left the theatre, after hearing Demarini, the first tragic performer of Italy. This actor had been truly sublime in a prison scene, in which, after recapitulating his misfortunes, he supplicates Providence to put a period to them by releasing him from the burden of life. Paganini retired to his couch, still affected by the emotions he had experienced, but could not sleep; despairing of repose, he got up, and taking his violin, found in it the means of relief, by giving expression to the sensibility which would not allow him to rest. What is this but inspiration—but genius—constantly tormenting, constantly producing beauty?

Among the pieces of *mezzo carattere*, are especially esteemed, a *larghetto*, with a polonaise; the variations on variations on a rondeau, of the dance of the Witches, in the ballet of Viganò ("Le Nozze di Benevento"), in which, to the originality of the simple air, he adds characteristics of a singularity and boldness, of which it is impossible to form an idea. The *air varié* on the *tema* of "La Molinara,"† on the violin alone, without accompaniment, is so absolutely marvellous, as to preclude all description of its effect. He has lately arranged in the same manner, and with equal success, "God save the King"; in this, from beginning to end, two real parts are distinguishable, and throughout one entire variation, three parts; that is to say, simultaneously, the air complete, a *trenolo* producing the effect of the harp, and, lastly, a continued bass *pizzicato*, which he obtains by means of his thumb. This incredible complication has an effect quite enrapturing.

Rossini, whose judgment in musical matters is seldom questioned, professes the highest admiration for Paganini, and does not hesitate to pronounce him the greatest violinist that ever existed. "As to him," the Maestro was known to say, when he heard the rumour of Paganini's proposed visit to Paris, "I do not know what fault they will be able to find in him." Nevertheless, he has been accused, by the envious, perhaps, of a want of tone. But this accusation is not well grounded. A note is always sufficiently intense, when it is sent forth with the required degree of fullness and roundness. Paganini may be graceful, sweet, and gentle; but these qualities in him do not exclude force when that is required. There is no orchestra so powerful that he cannot be heard above it, not only by the ordinary means, but by the single fourth string,—the least likely to be heard, by reason of its low position in the scale of the violin. Can it be said that this is being deficient in tone? In the "Prayer of Moses," in which, during the *maggiore*, he is accompanied by an orchestra *fortissimo*, in which even the big drum plays its part, he is heard above the whole as completely as the most powerful chorus would be. This volume of tone, which he unites with the richest expression, astonishes beyond measure, not only musicians, but the entire mass of the audience. This is certainly intensity of tone, if such a thing exist; and in this case, the proof is the stronger, since the "Prayer of Moses" is an air of exquisite simplicity and purity; and Paganini has not permitted himself to make the slightest addition to it. The following fact is no less conclusive:—While the first representation of "Matilda di Shabran" was preparing at Rome, the leader of the band fell ill on the very day of the general rehearsal. Rossini, seeing the mediocrity of the musicians with whom he had to deal, despaired of being able to get his place filled; when Paganini, hearing of the perplexity of the composer, came to him, and volunteered, as a friend, to undertake the direction of the orchestra; the offer, as may be conceived, was most thankfully accepted; and at that very moment, without further preparation, he set about communicating to this unskilful corps of musicians the ideas of the author, as well as his own manner of executing them, seizing at first sight all the various movements, and confining his instructions to examples, for he had no time to lose in stopping to give verbal directions. Did the movement require to be retarded or accelerated—in order to signify it, he took the part of first violin, playing an octave higher than

† The astonishing powers of Paganini enable him to entertain a large audience for a whole evening, entirely by his own exertions. We were present at two Concerts of this description given by him at Rome, some years ago, in which he appeared on the stage of the Opera House, and, unassisted either by a band or any accompaniment, delighted a crowded audience for more than four hours.

the music was written in, and this with so complete a predominance, that he made himself heard above all the instruments, even in the loudest fortissimo; he gave an impulse, which all around him obeyed as if by enchantment. The effect of this single rehearsal was, that when the piece came to be performed, a more than usual exactness and perfection was observed in the orchestra; and the execution was remarked as possessing a degree of life—a fire—far beyond what the audience had been accustomed to hear from the same band. Paganini had effected a complete metamorphosis. He astonished all the professors no less than Rossini himself, who never relates the circumstance but with evident marks of the most lively pleasure. His physiognomy becomes animated, his eyes sparkle, and he speaks of the event as of a recent gratification.

Paganini is to himself a severe judge: it is rarely that he is satisfied with his own performance; he always thinks it inferior to what it ought to be. According to him, he is far from having exhausted the powers of the violin, which he says is capable of much greater effect than even he is capable of producing.

Like the great Italian singers, Paganini always hits the note he intends with invariable precision. His style is inexhaustibly various, and belongs to him, and him alone; and though founded on the most perfect models of the Italian school, there is considerable originality about it. If we had not, in the grand and noble manner of Madame Pasta, an example for singers of the exalted eloquence of style, Paganini would be the only subject of study which we should recommend. What firmness, what confidence in his powers! No indecision, no weakness, no shuffling! Paganini plants his note, and absolutely forces it to take root, without its encroaching on that which is to follow.

Paganini has been known to make use of a tenor for a violin, and to obtain from it the most brilliant effects. A still more barren instrument acquires in his hands prodigious capabilities,—Paganini is as to the guitar what he is to the violin. The quartets which he has composed for guitar, violin, violoncello, and tenor, are delicious. He plays alternately the parts of the violin and of the guitar; the latter is hung to his neck, and the violin, while he is not using it, rests on his knees; he changes the instruments with such rapidity that the ear scarcely perceives the interruption. These enchanting quartets he has never played in public, for he does not attach the least value to his talent as a guitar player, which he regards as a character beneath him; these are considered by him to be bagatelles, which he reserves for the gratification of friends only.

SONNET TO THE REV. DR. PHILIP,

The successful Advocate of the oppressed Aborigines of Southern Africa.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Thy heavenly Master's voice with reverend awe
Thou heard'st, as thus to thy hushed heart it spoke:

"Go forth, and gather yon poor scattered flock
Within the free pale of the gospel law.
The trembling lamb from the fell tiger's paw
Pluck, fearless of his fangs; for by the stroke
Of thy frail staff his cheek-bone shall be broke,
And the weak saved from his devouring jaw."
Such the high task: and manfully and well
Thou for that torn and hunted flock hast striven;
And henceforth they in quietude shall dwell,
(Their cruel spoilers fettered, or forth driven.)
With nought to scare them, save the baffled yell
Of ravening wolves from whom the prey was riven.

SCIENCE.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Election of a new Member.

Rear-Admiral Baron Roussin, from the list of naval candidates, has been elected member of the Institute, for the section of Geography and Navigation, in the place of the late M. de Rossell.

Chemical Discoveries.

At a recent sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, a letter was read from M. Despretz, announcing several important results from his chemical researches. Among his discoveries, were—1st, That nickel, cobalt, zinc, and tin possess, like iron, the property of decomposing water when at the temperature of red heat; that their oxides are reduced by hydrogen to the same temperature.

2nd, That the carbonic acid is affected like water; it is transformed by zinc and tin into oxide of carbon, and that that gas completely reduces the oxides of the three metals. Thus a fact, which was considered an anomaly, is found to be applicable to several metals and several binary substances.

3rd, That crystallizable acetic acid may be prepared by heating a mixture of acetate of lead, and an atom of concentrated sulphuric acid. The process by which this acid is obtained, is kept a secret by the manufacturer who supplies it to all the dispensaries of chemical productions in Paris.

4th, That by subjecting to a good forge at a high temperature, a mixture of sulphur and oxide of zinc, there will be produced a sulphate of zinc, which very experienced mineralogists have confounded with blende or natural sulphuret of zinc.

Cleaning Buildings.

At the same sitting, M. Chevalier, in answer to the letter of Dr. Herpin, of Metz,—who, as has been noticed in a former number of The Athenæum, had objected to the use of hydrochloric acid, in cleaning buildings, that it was liable to render the stones damp,—remarked, that no description of stone to which he had applied the process had been so affected. M. Chevalier, in support of his assertion, referred to several objects, in the cleaning of which his method has been adopted: among these were, 1st, the head of a marble statue in the Court of the Institute; 2nd, The front of a house in the Rue Royale; and, 3rd, Several walls in the Museum of French Monuments, Rue des Petits Augustins, cleaned in the presence of the Academy. All these, M. Chevalier observed, had been washed with the hydrochloric acid, and not one of them had acquired the hydrometric quality remarked by M. Herpin in the walls cleaned by him. The deliquescent salt, further observed M. Chevalier, which is produced by the hydrochloric acid on combining with lime, is always removed with a brush when the operation of cleaning is performed in a proper manner. M. Chevalier gave his opinion, that the employment of sulphuric acid ought to be avoided, when the buildings to be cleaned were stone walls. The plaster formed by the sulphuric acid on combining with lime, would give to the exterior of monuments on which it should be used the appearance of a plaster surface; but the sulphuric acid, he thought, might be employed with advantage, when the question concerned the cleaning of stucco.

A Physical Phenomenon explanatory of the Circulation observed in the stem of certain Plants.

M. DUTROCHET has lately submitted to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a memoir on the circulating motion observed in water inclosed in tubes, exposed in unequal degrees to the action of heat and light. It is about fifty years ago, says the report of the proceedings of the Académie contained in *Le Globe*, that Corti discovered

ed the circulation which goes on in the stem of several plants of the genus of the *chara*. More recently attention has been called to this interesting fact by M. Amici; and M. Le Baillif has made known a phenomenon in physics, which seems to furnish an explanation of it. This naturalist had placed in a vertical glass tube, water, having several pulverent particles in solution, and observed through their means, a circulating motion in the liquid. M. Dutrochet had repeated this experiment, at first making use of very fine saw-dust. But the small woody particles, after having been some time in the water, settled to the bottom, and then the motion of the water was no longer perceptible. After having substituted divers other substances, which, however, proved subject to the same disadvantage, M. Dutrochet thought of mixing a few drops of milk in the water. The mixture was almost as transparent as pure water itself, and the milky globules had no tendency to settle for two or three days. At the expiration of that time, they collected in clots and fell to the bottom of the tube. Even this conglomeration was prevented, by mixing carefully with liquid, a small quantity of nitric, sulphuric, or hydrochloric acid. If, however, any considerable quantity were to be added at a time, the coagulation would take place directly. On the contrary, if the proceeding be conducted by degrees, the same and even a greater quantity of acid may be added without causing coagulation.

By means of liquid prepared in this manner, a series of observations were made. The first general fact which they had disclosed to the author of the memoir, was, that the direction of the course of the circulation is always governed by that of the current of heat, and that the ascending motion always takes place on the side of the tube most heated; this is on a small scale the same phenomenon as is presented by a vessel filled with water boiling in front of the fire.

M. Dutrochet had observed this phenomenon take place in a room in which the temperature was so nearly equal throughout, that two thermometers, placed at different extremities, did not vary more than a degree. The difference between the temperatures of the one and the other side of the tube, was still less. It was natural to conclude therefore, that this difference was not the cause of the phenomenon. M. Dutrochet, in fact, ascertained that the light also contributed to it, and even that the circulation in the tube might be suspended, by clothing it for twenty minutes with an opaque covering.

The circulation on the same principle, ceases during the night; in the morning, it will be observed to begin again, and become more active in proportion as the light generally diffused increases. If a solar ray be brought to bear directly on the tube, the acceleration is still more marked, but it is difficult to distinguish the effect produced by the light from that which depends on the heat.

Darkness, however, occasions the suspension of the circulation only when the current of heat is of no great intensity. Thus, the motion is observed to continue when the tube is placed under an opaque covering, if that covering be heated on one side by a sunbeam. This proves that in this phenomenon, light acts only as an exciting cause, and that the action of heat is the only efficient cause of the circulating motion. When heat is extremely weak, it has need of the aid of light to make it act; when it is strong, it acts alone.

The rapidity of the circulating motion depends on the degree of force of the current of heat, and of the intensity of light; together with the degree of elevation of the general temperature. The water with an infusion of milk simply ceases to circulate at 10° Reaumur; the mixture of water, milk, and acid, at 5°. In general, water having a mineral substance in solution, circulates

more easily than pure water; the contrary effect takes place if viscid substances be mixed with the liquid.

Pressure is another cause that retards the circulating motion. A tube of the length of three feet, filled with water having milk in it, exposed to a light, diffused through a temperature of from 15° to 20° Reaumur, will not afford an instance of circulation beyond the depth of two feet. The circulation extends to a greater depth when the tube is exposed to a solar light.

A very powerful cause of the non-disposition to the circulating movement of the water, is the natural solution of any substance in that liquid. Suppose a tube filled with milky water; if to this water be added one or two drops of acid, of alkaline solution, or of any saline solution, this substance, being heavier than the water, will precipitate itself through the mass in which it is dissolved. This solution being complete, the water is not capable of presenting the circulating motion under the simple general light, or in a direct solar ray; it presents it only in the upper part, and to an inch in depth. M. Dutrochet considers this fixing of the molecules of the liquid as the result of a regular distribution which they then assume. When the liquid, thus immovable by heat, is shaken, it instantly recovers its faculty of motion, and the circulation is again established under the influence of the simple generally-diffused light. The shaking has changed, it would appear, the regular order of the molecules, and their aggregation is thrown into confusion. In this last state, they possess a mobility which they wanted in their state of regular position.

Thus by filling a tube with a mixture of water, milk and acid, and sealing it hermetically, an instrument is formed, in which a perpetual circulation, subject to nocturnal and winter intermissions, is kept up. And thus in a manner these two kinds of intermission represent the nocturnal slumber of plants, and their state during winter. These observations M. Dutrochet stated as the result of experiments frequently repeated, and on which he had no doubt. At a subsequent sitting of the Academy, he added the following, concerning which he did not feel so positive until further experiment. To make certain of the effect of light in assisting heat to promote the circulation in question, it will be sufficient to close the shutters of the room in which the experiment is made. On doing this, the circulating motion will cease directly, even though there be sufficient light admitted to observe the effect of the experiment. The motion thus suspended by the want of light, may be made to recommence at will, by opening the shutters. When the motion of the liquid is suspended by the reason of the want of light, it may also be made to recommence, by slight knocks on the table, on which the tube is laid. There seems no reason to doubt that it is the commotion communicated to the molecules of the liquid, which causes thus instantaneously the circulating motion. Struck with this idea, M. Dutrochet tried to make it recommence by means of the sound proceeding from a bass, or the ringing of a small bell. Sometimes he succeeded, but at others, the experiment failed.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Westmacott entered on his annual course of Lectures on Sculpture on Monday last. He prefaced his usual introductory discourse by paying a tribute, expressed with much neatness, elegance, and feeling, to the memory of the late President. He dwelt briefly on the talents of Sir Thomas Lawrence as a painter, and referred to his drawings in illustration of Shakspeare,

and especially of the play of "Coriolanus," as affording proofs no less satisfactory than his figure of "Satan," that had not employment as a portrait-painter so completely absorbed his time and faculties, he was fully capable of practising the higher branch of art with effect and success. Mr. Westmacott spoke in terms of eulogy of the amiable manners of Sir Thomas Lawrence, of his friendly, polite, and unassuming demeanour towards every member of the Academy, and lastly, of his generous patronage and encouragement of students. This part of Mr. Westmacott's address drew a marked expression of applause from his auditors. The Lecture which succeeded, was the introductory discourse usual at the beginning of the season—we gave an account of it at some length last year.

The admirers of Mr. Eastlake will join us in congratulating that artist, and the Society, on his nomination as an Academecian in the place of Mr. Dawe. We hope that Mr. Eastlake's friend, Mr. Gibson, will next be put in nomination. Surely, it is not too much to say, that the Englishman is not living who more truly deserves the title of Artist than he. And honours such as those which the Academy has to confer, are doubly valuable when bestowed without solicitation.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We resume our notice of this Exhibition, by remarking on some of the most striking pictures contained in the North Room.

Among these, "Scene on a Flemish Coast," (No. 114.) C. STANFIELD, deserves to be placed in the very first rank. It is a masterly performance, cleverly composed, and coloured with great effect and harmony. It presents powerful contrasts, yet is in every respect free from harshness: the sky is admirably managed—the clouds almost appear to float in the air.

"Study for Ancient Banditti," (No. 125.) F. G. HURLESTONE, is another picture which bespeaks itself the work of an artist perfectly master of his pencil. It seems painted with great freedom, and has some effects which bear witness to the study, by no means without its fruits, of the manner of Rembrandt. The figure reclining across the rock, is boldly conceived, perfectly in character with the subject, and executed with great spirit.

Praise in some respects similar to that bestowed on the "Banditti," is due to "Smugglers alarmed," (No. 73.) J. KNIGHT. The figure of the African is in grand style, and for imposing effect, for the success with which it appeals to and moves the mind, is not to be surpassed by any picture in the exhibition. The subordination of the other figures to this principal one, is perhaps too obvious. In respect both to the colouring and the design, the intention to make every part of the picture serve to increase the grandeur of this, is apparent to the purblind eye.

As we are commenting on the pictures without any reference to their order in the Catalogue, we may be excused for noticing here a landscape which caught our attention almost accidentally by certain peculiar and very forcible effects which distinguish it. We allude to "Brunnet, Lake of Lausanne," (No. 51.) M. DE MEURON, which, although it has in some parts a repulsive rawness and harshness, is in other respects very happily executed. The rugged Alpine peaks covered with snow are very skillfully expressed; besides their extreme boldness, the relieve effects are quite extraordinary. In the foreground also, there are bright gleams of sunshine introduced with great ability. "Schwitz, Switzerland," (No. 69.) by the same artist, is also a clever representation of mountain scenery, but is inferior to its pendant.

The "Lady in St. Swithin's Chair" (No. 52.)

SIR W. BEECHY. This painting when exhibited at the Royal Academy did not generally please, and it is still the fashion to pronounce it a horrid picture. That opinion is not altogether just, we think: the tone is certainly anything but agreeable, especially in the flesh; but the design is less faulty than the colouring; and the expression, not of the head merely, but of the whole figure, is good; it is powerful without being extravagant; it betrays terror; it seems to speak of mystery, and excites interest. To us more than the usual exercise of mind is apparent in the conception.

LE PETIT LOUVRE.†

Exhibition of Paintings.

THIS Exhibition offers a real treat to the amateurs of painting. One grand title to recommendation possessed by it, is, that the number of pictures it contains is small, and affords the satisfaction of examining a few fine specimens of the art, without bewildering us with a crowded gallery. By twenty-three pictures, the attention is neither distracted nor wearied, yet have we quite enough for our money, especially since the collection is a choice—a very choice one. This being the case, the advantage of moderation in the number of works, and of the opportunity of returning to admire and dwell on the beauties of a favourite production, without overlooking or neglecting a single picture, is more fully enjoyed and appreciated. One complaint, however, we have to make: it is, that the proprietor, who is evidently a person of refined taste, should have adopted the practice—too prevalent among persons who make pictures objects of speculation—of varnishing them so highly in cleaning. This proceeding is disadvantageous in two ways: in the first place, the effect of gloss and glare, not of colour but of varnish, which assails the visitor from all sides as he enters the gallery, shocks his perception, and prejudices him with the idea that it is necessary to be on his guard against imposition. It is evident to him, that an attempt has been made to give to the pictures an effect not naturally appertaining to them; and whether the intention, and the means by which it is carried into execution, be innocent or otherwise, he does not pause to inquire; his conclusion is necessarily hasty and unfavourable. In the second place, this varnishing, if not applied with the greatest moderation and the nicest judgment, so far from improving, absolutely injures, the effect of the picture which it is intended to show off to advantage; it gives to the surface a hardness which often changes the entire character of the work. Some paintings are more liable to be affected by the practice than others, and among those now exhibited in the Petit Louvre, with which it least agrees, we may instance the “Niobe,” of WILSON, which, to a spectator approaching it sideways, would be scarcely recognizable under the glossy coat which has been spread over it. But we abstain from pursuing this subject further than to say, that, harmless as the practice may be, it is a mistaken one; it is not peculiar to the persons connected with the Petit Louvre, for although it may be the first time that we have taken occasion to remark on it with reference to pictures exposed for exhibition, we have often felt called on to deprecate it in private collections. We proceed to our notice of the pictures.

The greater part of the works in this gallery, belonged, we are informed, to the celebrated collection of Mr. Danoot, of Brussels, and their authenticity is considered unquestionable. One of the most remarkable pieces, is the RUBENS, “Return from Egypt,” painted by special commission for the Jesuits’ Church at Antwerp, where it remained as a grand altar-piece until the secularization of the order, when it was purchased

by the late proprietor. The composition of this picture consists of the three figures on the ground, and a half figure, a Père Éternel, in the clouds above. The figure of the Virgin, more especially, is in grand style, and has much sublimity of character; the head is full of life and animation, and a certain highly pleasing expression: the drapery is extremely bold and flowing. The infant Jesus, between the Virgin and St. Joseph, is the product of a more elegant fancy than RUBENS was wont to exercise; the expression of the head even approaches the affected and fantastical. In the conception of the “Père Éternel,” RUBENS does not vie with the great Master of the Roman School. The composition is particularly remarkable for a character of simplicity, rare in the works of RUBENS: it is an instance of the great advantage, in point of grandeur, ever communicated by that quality.

“The Triumph of Venus,” (No. 3,) by TENIERS, is a gem—but is especially curious as a departure from the usual practice of the artist in the choice of his subjects. It is very justly observed, in the Catalogue, that he has exerted himself to prove that he could paint a poetical composition as well as the humours of a Flemish Fête; the composition, indeed, is most sweet, and the execution is in the perfect style and finish for which this master is so famous.

Other celebrated pictures by the same master, are, “La Gazette,” and “Le tir à l’arc.”

The gallery, moreover, contains several of WILSON’s Landscapes, unrivalled in fire and spirit—admirable VANDERVELDE—two or three master-pieces of PHILIP WOUVERMANS, “A Burgomaster, of Amsterdam,” by REMBRANDT; a *Capo d’Opera*, perfectly exempt from manner; a Landscape by the same pencil, admirable, not only for its effect but its truth; and many other very valuable specimens, which we shall notice at a future time, since our limits will not allow of our dwelling longer on the subject at present.

ENGRAVINGS.

The Passes of the Alps. By William Brockedon, No. XII. *The Pass of the Simplon.* Published by the Author.

MR. BROCKEDON has done well to reserve the Pass of the Simplon for the conclusion of his spirited and splendid work. For, whether we consider the beauty of some of the scenes which he has very properly included in it, the wild sublimity of others, or the difficulties which have been contended with and overcome in its construction, we must regard it as taking precedence in interest of every passage by which this mighty chain of mountains is traversed. The very conception of the undertaking is of unsurpassed hardihood, and worthy the times of the ancient Romans. The imperial crown and the N have been effaced, it is true, from the sides of its stupendous galleries, but the name of Strada Napoleon* is still perseveringly retained, and will assist with tradition to preserve the memory of its author.

The views selected by Mr. Brockedon are well calculated to convey to the person who has not travelled, the remarkable variety in the character of the scenery comprised in what is termed the *Strada Sempione*, considered to commence at the entrance of the Valais, and to terminate at Milan. The vignette, which is placed at the head of the plates, and which is sweetly engraved by Mr. Edward Finden, furnishes you with a representation of that spot, in which what are not inaptly called “the horrors of the pass” arrive at their climax. Looking at the plate, you are to suppose yourself approaching the entrance of the gallery Gondo, the longest and

most important of the passages cut through the rock. You will perceive from the projection of the enormous cliff of granite, that it was no longer possible to continue the road, as had been done previously, between the rock and the torrent; for it seems that the torrent itself had been obliged to undermine itself a way through the sides of the mountain. You may easily imagine the scene of wild tumult, and the uproar in which you enter this dark cavern. You have to cross a bridge thrown across one torrent, which, falling in an almost perpendicular cascade on your right hand, and passing under your feet, precipitates itself at the foot of another cascade of far greater volume, the whole body, in fact, of the river Dovedro itself, which, after having escaped from the narrow bed in the torrent of which its waters have been confined, rushes headlong over a steep rock into a deep abyss. The noise of the waters thus falling and meeting is quite bewildering, since the abruptness and loftiness of the rocks, and the narrowness of the interval between them, are such, that the sound has no escape, but is reverberated from side to side. The savage character of these mountain cliffs will not fail to strike you; they are thousands of feet high, and where they do not overhang, are as vertical as a wall, and of an aspect as frowning and of a hue as dark as Erebus.

You will scarcely find it difficult to understand that the effect of such a scene as this on the mind is one of pleasure, not unmixed with pain. For a short time the gratification is of the loftiest and most welcome kind; the sublimity of the scene raises the soul in amazement, but the excitement is too great for long endurance satisfactorily: the senses become weary, and long for escape and repose. You may wish, perhaps, that the plate had been engraved in a less elaborate style, and think that a bold sketchy etching would have been more correspondent with the character of the scene.

The views, on proceeding into Italy, offer by their loveliness, a striking contrast to the stern sublimity of the Pass of the Gondo. You have the Val d’Ossola from the defile of the Dovedro, and, in casting your eye over the fertile vale, spreading into a wider expanse as it recedes from the mountain, you will picture to yourself what a relief to the over-excited senses is afforded by emerging from the terrific Pass of the Gondo into a scene of exuberant fertility, a plain of more than usual richness of foliage, by changing the dark and deep shadowed granite rocks, which no ray of sun had ever brightened, for a sparkling campagna luxuriant in purple vineyards, bedecked with towers, convents, villages, and towns, all illuminated by gilding beams. Proceeding on your route towards Milan, in the view of the Lago Maggiore from the site of the statue of St. Carlo Borromeo, you will probably recognize a scene rendered familiar to you by previous pictorial representations; but scarcely will you be able to say that you have ever before seen the same view so ably and faithfully drawn as it is here presented by Mr. Brockedon, or that you have seen a subject on which the delicate burin of Mr. Finden has been more fittingly employed.

The view of the Lake of Orta will probably be a novelty: it is a spot, which, lying out of the main road and usual track, is visited by few travellers or artists. Mr. Brockedon describes the scene as singularly romantic and beautiful, and his drawing, as engraved with great effect by Mr. Willmore, fully bears him out in the assertion.

The letter-press accompanying the work deserves attention. It is written in a pleasant unaffected style. From it, we learn that the author either before or during the publication of his work has traversed the Alps sixty times expressly for purposes connected with this un-

* If we remember rightly an inscription *Via Napoleonensis* is still traceable in an obscure part of one of the galleries.

† No. 209, Regent Street.

dertaking, which he has now so happily completed. His observations on the passage of Hannibal, the desire to illustrate which first gave rise to the work, are judicious; and we entertain little doubt that the opinion in which he concurs, that the description of Polybius refers to the Pass of the Little St. Bernard is the correct one. In conclusion, we heartily wish the author a successful sale. If we may credit the reports which reach from all quarters in which information of the kind is likely to be accurate, it is proceeding satisfactorily. It would be a disgrace to the country that labours so worthily of reward should go without their due remuneration.

Scene from the Red Rover. Painted and Engraved by W. Daniell, R.A. 1830. Moon, Boys and Graves.

THE period chosen by Mr. Daniell for the subject of his illustration, is that awful instant in which the vessel goes down, and the launch, with the few who had placed themselves in it, in the hope of preservation, is washed from the deck in safety after a tremendous dip of her bows. The scene is terrific, the vortex occasioned by the diving prow of the wreck, and the confusion of the waters, are depicted with great force. We are no sailors, and therefore pretend not to speak *ex cathedra*, when we object to the want of the effect of nature, in the billows, on either side of the plate, on the right hand more especially.

MUSIC.

FORTHCOMING WORK OF PAGANINI.

Although Paganini appears, generally speaking, to take little account of his own compositions, yet persons intimate with him have heard him speak with great preference of a concerto, of which a few months ago he had only composed the first *allegro*. It comprehended, he said, several new effects and difficulties of a description quite different from anything he had hitherto achieved. According to his own calculations, he should not finish it before he quitted Germany. For the first time in his life he appeared so satisfied with what he had done, that his friends, whose curiosity was greatly excited, implored him to let them hear it; but their entreaties were vain. "It shall make its debut at Paris," he said, and he has remained inexorable.

ANECDOTE OF PAGANINI.

The following is one among the many amusing anecdotes related of this wonderful performer: In 1817, Paganini being at Verona, the leader of the band of the principal theatre of that town, Valabrini, himself a very clever violinist, thought proper to say that Paganini was but a quack, who no doubt excelled in some pieces he had been in the habit of playing, but that he (Valabrini) had a concerto of his own composition, which Paganini could not execute. This discourse came to the ears of Paganini, who lost no time in causing it to be intimated to Valabrini that he should be glad to try his powers at reproducing the inspirations of the leader of the band of Verona. This trial, which offered a powerful attraction to the public, he reserved for his last concert. The day of rehearsal was fixed—Paganini did not fail to attend; but he came there less to prepare himself than to conform to established usage; the music which he executed on the occasion, was not that which he intended to perform in public. According to his custom, while playing with the band, he introduced a multitude of extempore graces and delicious passages (the instantaneous production of his own fertile imagination) with incredible success. It was not a spiritless rehearsal, but a

preceding concert, which nevertheless left the wonders of the intended performance yet unknown to the orchestra. With Paganini it is necessary to be ever prepared for surprises of this nature; the musicians whose duty it is to accompany him, are sometimes so struck that their astonishment interrupts their performance, and they remain bewildered, forgetting in their admiration the task prescribed them. The disappointment of Valabrini in thus hearing music so different from his own, was excessive; the rehearsal being over, he accosted Paganini—"My friend, it is not my concerto that you have been playing; I have not recognized any part of my own composition in your performance." "Be easy, my friend," replied Paganini, "when the hour of the concert arrives you shall hear your own music; then alone I shall beg of you a little indulgence." The concert took place on the following day. Paganini commenced by playing several pieces of his own choosing, reserving that of Valabrini to finish the soirée. The whole audience expected something extraordinary; some thought that he intended to make some change in the instruments or effect of the band; others, that he would reproduce the motifs of the music of Valabrini, while he would make the most brilliant additions in his own manner. Nobody was in the secret as to what was really to take place. Paganini at last appeared, holding a piece of reed cane in his hand. All wondered what he was going to do with it; when he suddenly took up his violin, and making use of the reed for a bow, he played from beginning to end the concerto which its author had deemed could not be executed unless after much practising;—he not only executed the most difficult passages, but introduced delightful variations, without ceasing for an instant to give proof of the purity, grace, intensity, and fire, which characterize his talent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*Green Hills of Tyrol!*" Tyrolien, sung, by Madame Malibran: the Poetry by G. Linley, Esq.; the Music by G. Rossini, in his grand Opera, *Guillaume Tell*. Goulding & D'Almaine.

A VERY characteristic, pleasing, and simple trifle; but entirely devoid of any spark of originality. Rossini must have determined, when he put this bagatelle upon paper, to issue something that, from the familiarity of its style, should be certain to gain popularity with the multitude, and that at a time when his mind and memory were strongly imbued with Auber's *Masaniello*; for this Tyrolien is principally formed of the most striking features of the Fisherman's Chorus, and still more characteristic Bolero in that piece. It is, however, Rossini's; and a pretty, easy *morceau*.

"*A fading Scene.*" Sung by Miss Love; written by R. Montgomery; composed and published by J. Barnett.

A FLOWING and rather elegant andantino in F, quite easy to be sung, being within the usual scope of the key note in the first space, and its octave on the 5th line. In the 11th bar of the song, the voice-part ascends from *B natural* to *c*, while, at the same time, the accompaniment removes from *B flat* to *c*—this, even with a female voice, must sound harsh; but with a tenor voice it must be insufferable! (the natural to the *B*, moreover, requires contradiction in the same bar in each verse of the song.) Had a been applied as the accompanying note at the beginning of the bar instead of a *flat*, this error might have been easily avoided.

No. 2, of *Six admired Melodies*: arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte; by W. Hüntten. Cocks & Co.

THIS presents a very interesting arrangement of Rossini's "*Una voce poco fa*," from his

esteemed *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*: it is in a familiar style, by no means so difficult or elaborate as most other publications of Hüntten's, and thus more especially desirable and useful. He seems to have remembered Dussek in his adaptation—perhaps the very best writer he could imitate, in producing a graceful, familiar, and useful piece.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.—ITALIAN OPERA.

THE return of Signor Donzelli to these boards has enabled the manager to present us with the "*Otello*," supported in such a manner as at least to disguise the want of strength which could not but be apparent in the "*Semiramide*." It may be difficult to discover why these two particular operas were fixed upon to stand in the van of the season, requiring, as they do, a great variety of excellence to give them even ordinary effect. The music, grave, complicated and elaborate in almost every scene, taxes severely the poor talents of second-rates, stilted into the principal parts. Something more trifling and rapid would have been executed more skilfully; for the intrinsic gaiety of Rossini's lighter operas atones of itself for the absence of much skill in the singers. However, as Mdle. Blasis has appeared in the characters of *Semiramide* and *Desdemona*, our counsel comes too late. As for the "*Otello*," it has been so very often produced in the last two years, that every bar of it must be familiar to our readers as well as to ourselves. The only novelty is the performance of Mdle. Blasis,—which, as might be conjectured, though tender and expressive in all the softer parts, was yet necessarily wanting in those forcible displays which constitute the greater portion of the character. She has evidently much perception of the graces of the music, and a sufficient guess at the nature of the emotions required in the various emergencies of her situation: but this is not enough;—there is no boldness and intensity, no variety of expression that is not produced by makeshift expedients—such as the distortion of the features, and ambitious gestures, which have not hitherto been found indispensable in portraying the desertion and sorrows of *Desdemona*. Perhaps we cannot banish from our mind the image of her predecessor in this part:—with her simple tenderness and sublime grief—would that we might again behold her!

Signor Donzelli was great, as usual. The first gasp of English air has, we fear, clogged the machinery of his voice in some slight degree; for though it was never more magnificent and equal in point of mere intonation, yet it moves more cumbrously than of old, and his occasional habit of retarding the orchestra in order to exhibit its full *portamento*, was more frequent than it need have been, and his *ad lib.* passages were not so free and vigorous as they might be in the soft atmosphere of sunny Italy. Signor Curioni, on the contrary, shone beyond his wont in the part of *Rodrigo*,—a character which has always well become him, from the days of Garcia, with whom he sustained it years ago. His notorious defect is, that having heard him once you have heard him always. His style is positively invariable—and one of the most miserable of these fixed attributes is his carelessness with regard to being in correct tune, and this old sin was not now abandoned; but he threw in some occasional embellishments which we were not prepared for, and mastered the difficulties of his very *alto* music with considerable ease. Signor Santini, we regret to say, did not quite answer the expectations he had excited in the character of *Assur*. His *El-miro* is not stately enough; and he took no pains whatever with his recitative, of which his

part chiefly consists; on the contrary, it was woefully defective, not merely in expression, but in point of style. However, he may have considered it of little importance—for the character is a subordinate one,—or he may have done so purposely, in order to heighten the efforts of his companions, as whist-players weaken their own hands to give strength to their partners'. Mad. Castelli is quite as good an *Emilia* as can be required. She is the very perfection of doleful confidantes; and her singing is not at all despicable in this part;—at times indeed it is positively good—as, for instance, in the duet with *Desdemona*, at the commencement of the opera.

In commenting upon Mdlle. Blasis' performance, we ought to say that its defects were chiefly observable in the solo portions. She led the concerted pieces with great clearness and accuracy; her voice is of that defined quality which is peculiarly capable of throwing effect into its separate parts, and yet so sweet and harmonious as not to prevent its commingling with others. Indeed, we have never heard the finale to the first act "*Incerta l'anima*," and the subsequent grand composition "*Smania, deliro, e tremo*," given with more energy, expression, and unity.

The ballet is strengthened by the accession of a Mdlle. Julie Varennes, who possesses much grace and facility of movement, and gives indication of those higher qualifications which we admired so much in the melo-dramatic dancing of Pauline Leroux.

COVENT-GARDEN.

"Teddy the Tiler" goes on, as it began, triumphantly. Never was there anything more droll than Power, in the character of a tiler translated to the Peerage. But his drollery, though perhaps the foremost, is not the greatest merit of this performance. The Irish humour is here quiet humour—which we have seen portrayed by none but himself. And it is almost strange that his popularity should reach the galleries, for that which is chief and inimitable in his acting, the continual *sotto voce*—the unobtrusive by-play—the subdued grimace, all of which must be imperceptible beyond his immediate neighbours, in the boxes and pit. It is easy enough to roar out a violent brogue, and to imitate the Hibernian cadence and gesture, in their Billingsgate forms; but to represent these things without caricature, is so hard, that an Irish gentleman is a character scarcely attempted on the stage, or if attempted, invariably converted into a raw bog-trotter. Power, on the contrary, excels in the fine distinctions and nationalities that lie far from the surface, and can therefore only be perceived by one who has some knowledge of human nature, and in vain imitated without a long acquaintance with the country itself, as well as a deep perception of its peculiarities. His representation of these peculiarities is nature itself. Who can resist that sly twinkling of his small grey eye—the merry expanse of cheek—the jocular lip—those agile and impudent gesticulations—that undaunted air—that easy shuffling of the hands—and above all, that quick natural flow of language, that seems a perpetual impromptu?—but, were we to essay an account or explanation of their merits, we should worthily be classed with those who have attempted a definition of wit—his acting, indeed, may generally bear that name. Let him be deemed a heretic who does not feast, as we do, on "Teddy the Tiler."

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

LAST Monday evening Potier made his appearance here as an old rag-picker ("Le Chiffonier.") With a great deal of truth in his acting there was at times mingled so much feeble-

ness, as to make one regret that actors grew old like other men. We think, as the veteran struts his last hour upon the stage, that his thoughts are, or should be, elsewhere—and every broken tone comes home to our hearts with a solemn voice of warning. When he extinguished his candle with a bit of old paper, we thought, with a thrill, of the trembling spark of life, and our ideas were carried forward to a mightier flame and a deeper darkness. The piece, however, went on, as if there was no day of doom. No one indulged in a dream, "which was not all a dream." The thin candle of the *Chiffonier* was relighted, and his feeble accents heard once more. The midnight shriek sounded not instead in the hearer's imagination, and the midnight conflagration flared not before the eyes. That little solitary flame was not transformed into a tide of fire, heaving and rushing through the building, like an ocean scourged by the hurricane. It did not burst through the crackling rafters, and rise, proud and terrible, to the sky. It did not fling a broad red glare over the slumbering city, till every head was startled from every pillow, and the quaking heart inquired, whether the twelfth hour of the day of the world was not arrived. The old grey towers of St. Paul's, and the thousand spires and columns of the mighty Babylon did not rejoice in the golden light. It did not unfurl its "meteor flag" on the Thames, that leaped and glittered at the signal. It did not sweep over Waterloo Bridge like a river. It did not wanton in the distant groves of Kensington, where crowds of phantom lovers sailed along the walks, and passed through the trees. The imagination was still, and the heart untouched; the candle of the *Chiffonier* disappeared—and will never again be relighted on that spot!

FOSSILS REMAINS OF SUSSEX.

THE Museum of Mr. Mantell, of Lewes, is pronounced by Mr. Bakewell, in an article inserted in the January Number of the Magazine of Natural History, to contain the finest collection of chalk fossils in the kingdom. The district which has principally engaged the researches of Mr. Mantell, are the Wealds, in the Counties of Kent and Sussex, and his most important discoveries have been made in the beds of Weald-clay, sand, and sandstone, below the chalk and green sand formation. "He observed," says Mr. Bakewell, "that though the latter strata, as is well known, contain exclusively the remains of marine animals, such as Nautilites, Ammonites, and Belemnites, with other shells of marine genera, the strata of the former contain almost exclusively the remains of terrestrial plants, and shells analogous to fresh-water shells, or the bones of vertebrated animals, some of which were of enormous magnitude, and were evidently formed for walking on solid ground. The strata in which these remains are found must have been deposited in a fresh-water lake or estuary, or in the bed of a mighty river, on the sides of which lived and flourished plants and animals analogous to those of tropical climates; these strata compose a great fresh-water formation below the chalk."

Specimens of these plants and animals found in the Sussex beds, are accordingly the most interesting objects in Mr. Mantell's museum. "In the strata of Tilgate Forest, near Cuckfield, the remains of four enormous reptiles have been identified, and there are also bones and teeth of other animals, not yet determined.

"The large reptiles at present ascertained are the Crocodile, the *Plesiosaurus*, the *Megalosaurus*, and the *Iguanodon*. The remains of the crocodile consist of teeth, vertebrae, ribs, &c., belonging to two or more large species of these animals; one of which Mr. Mantell conjectures was about 25 feet in length. Some of the teeth present all the essential characters of the teeth

of the recent crocodile. The *Plesiosaurus* was first discovered in the lias near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and has been well described by Mr. Conybeare; some bones of this animal have been found in Tilgate Forest, and are in this collection, but nothing approaching to an entire skeleton. The remains of a gigantic animal of the lizard genus were discovered at Stonesfield, in Oxfordshire, and described by Dr. Buckland; to this animal he has given the name of the *Megalosaurus*. Bones apparently belonging to the same species, particularly the thigh bone, ribs, teeth, and vertebrae, were found at Tilgate, and are placed in this collection. This animal bears the nearest affinity to the monitor: there is a stuffed specimen of the latter in the museum. The *Iguanodon* is so named from its resemblance, in many respects, to the living iguana."

The sciences are indebted to Mr. Mantell for the discovery of this species, which has been pronounced by M. Cuvier to be a reptile more extraordinary than any hitherto known; to which Mr. Bakewell adds, "that it is indeed extraordinary, not only from being the largest amphibious animal hitherto known, but from its peculiar structure as an herbivorous masticating reptile. The teeth were first discovered by Mr. Mantell, in the coarse conglomerate stone of Tilgate Forest in the year 1822; since which time Mr. Mantell has collected a most interesting series of them, displaying every gradation of form, from the perfect tooth in the young animal, to the last stage, that of a mere bony stump worn away by mastication. These teeth are comparatively rare, and the only locality in which they have hitherto been noticed, is in the immediate vicinity of Tilgate Forest. Their external form is so remarkable, and bears so striking a resemblance to the grinders of the herbivorous *Mammalia*, that Mr. Mantell was, at first, doubtful respecting the order of animals to which they belonged, but subsequent discoveries proved that they were the teeth of a nondescript herbivorous reptile. Baron Cuvier, to whom they were shown, regards them as belonging to an animal hitherto entirely unknown, but they bear the greatest resemblance to the teeth of the iguana, particularly in having the edges serrated. The iguana is an herbivorous, but not a masticating, reptile."

The wearing away of the teeth by mastication is clearly observable, in different specimens in Mr. Mantell's collection. "This remarkable animal, it appears, has a horn, which nearly resembles in size and form that of the rhinoceros; it has a bony structure, but it was not united to the skull like the horns of *Mammalia*."

Mr. Bentlaw, the naturalist, was the first to suggest, that, the fossils of Mr. Mantell's museum, belonged to a saurian animal. "A species of living iguana, a native of St. Domingo, has between the eyes an osseous conical horn or process, covered by a single scale; hence this animal is called the Horned Iguana, or *Iguana cornuta*. This fact, Mr. Mantell observes, establishes another remarkable analogy between the *Iguanodon* and the animal from which its name is derived. We have seen, (says Mr. Mantell, in his work published in 1822, entitled '*Fossils of the South Downs, or Illustrations of Geology of Sussex*,') "that the teeth are at least twenty times larger than those of the iguana of 3 or 4 feet in length, that the thigh bone is of equally enormous proportions; and were we to calculate the probable magnitude of the original, from the data which the metatarsal bone affords, we might well exclaim, that the realities of geology exceed the fictions of romance.

"There is the highest probability, from the resemblance of the teeth and large bones found in Tilgate Forest to those of the iguana, that both the teeth and bones belonged to one species of unknown animal; but, as no portion of the jaw has hitherto been found, no absolute certainty has yet been obtained respecting this fact."

Mr. Watson's Plan for preventing Ships from foundering at Sea, &c.—At the Friday evening meeting of the Royal Institution last week, Mr. Faraday intimated, that on Friday, the 26th, Mr. Watson would demonstrate his plan before the members, in the Lecture-room, at the evening meeting. We have heard that Mr. Watson has been in the habit of making the demonstration at his own house to his friends for some time past; and are glad to hear that he has at length been induced to exemplify his theory in so public a manner.

Records of the Beef-steaks.—We are sorry to learn that in the late destructive fire at the English Opera House, the Beefsteak Society have lost all their records, and a number of portraits of the most distinguished of its members. The records are particularly regretted, as they embrace a period of nearly a century, and contained original songs and other memorials of all the witty who have belonged to the Society ever since its establishment in, we believe, 1734. Having been burnt out of three or four theatres, the Society would act wisely to rescind that law (especially since the laws are all destroyed,) which obliges them to meet under the roof of a theatre, and get into a private house.

—We hope we are incorrectly informed, that at the funeral of the late President of the Royal Academy, the Students who attended were obliged to pay the hire of the coaches they occupied out of their own pockets, whilst the members themselves and all the other learned, rich, and noble invitees rode at the expense of the Academy.

Icebergs.—In a paper by Dr. Brewster on Polarized light, which was read at the Royal Society on Thursday evening, it was suggested that the icebergs which have been lately fallen in with, in the southern hemisphere, have been separated from a Southern Polar continent by a recent earthquake—such having never been met with before.

Proportion of Lunatics in Great Britain, France, and America.—According to the calculations of different authors, the proportion of persons of unsound mind, to people of sound mind, in the under-mentioned places, are as follows:—in London, one in 600; in Paris, one in 350; in Scotland, one in 400; throughout England and Wales, one in 2000. In the State of New York, the population of which amounted in 1825 to 1,616,458 inhabitants, the number of lunatics is reckoned at 819; that of idiots at 1421, making about one of unsound to 720 of sound mind. The general proportion of cures in the hospitals for lunatics in the different countries, are estimated at 4.81 to the hundred in France; 37.40 to the hundred in England; and 41.30 to the hundred in the United States of America. The reports of particular asylums in Europe, give the following proportion of cures in every hundred patients entered: viz. Cork Asylum, (1798—1818) 52.49; Salpetrière and Bicêtre, Paris, (1801—1821) 30; Spedale di Senevra, Milan, (1802—1826) 58; Aversa, Naples, (1814—1823) 29.70; Charenton, Paris, (1826—1828) 33; Bedlam, London, (1817—1820) 54; St. Luke, London, (1800—1819) 46.

Wine.—The principle of fermentation is present in the grape: the juice, if kept a few hours, will spontaneously ferment; and the singular appearance of the effervescence, resembling boiling in the cold, would be a sufficient stimulus to curiosity to insure a completion of the process. Meanwhile, the taste would become vinous; and the effects, when swallowed, would be so singular and so enlivening, that frequent recourse would be had to a process which afforded a liquor of such powerful and pleasing influence over the mind. It is, therefore, very probable that wine was discovered nearly six

thousand years since, very shortly after the creation of the world.—*Domestic Economy.*

Book-publishing in France and Germany.—The number of books published in France since the year 1813 is 33,775: the publications in Germany during the same term amounted to 50,303, giving an excess on the part of Germany of 16,528. The progress, however, has been greater in France than in Germany—since the number of books that appeared in the former country in 1826, namely, 4347, is more than four times the amount of publication in 1814, (979.) In Germany, on the contrary, the number of books published in 1826, (4704,) does not even double the number of those published in 1814, (2,529.) Of the thirteen years, the most productive in Germany was 1826—the least 1814. The heaviest half-yearly catalogue, was that of Easter Fair 1825, (3196;) the lightest that of Michaelmas Fair 1815, (975.) To read all the volumes that have appeared in Germany in the thirteen years, at the rate of a volume day, would require a life of 191 years and upwards. The number of authors may be reckoned pretty nearly at the half of the number of works: hence, taking into the account the works announced as in the press not included in the above statement of 50,303, and which would swell the number to 70,000, we shall have in round numbers 35,000 authors. But, since thirteen years are not the half of a generation, (allowing thirty to a generation,) the number must be at least doubled in favour of the remaining 17 years. It may be concluded, that Germany contains at present 70,000 authors, who write, have written, or will write. Taking the population of the country at 40 millions, this calculation gives an author for every 511 inhabitants.

New Species of British Snake.—Mr. T. M. Simons, has discovered near Dumfries in Scotland, a species of snake, which seems to be new to our naturalists, and which has been appropriately called *Coluber Dumfriensis*. It differs from the common snake (*Coluber Natric*), in having no ridged line on the middle of its dorsal scales, which are extremely simple and smooth. The number of scales under the tail is about 80, and the plates on the belly 162. The only specimen hitherto found, measured five inches, was of a pale colour, with pairs of reddish brown stripes from side to side over the back somewhat zigzag, with intervening spots on the sides. It comes nearest in character to a species of snake (*Coluber Austriacus*, Linn.) which is common in France and Germany, and which has smooth dorsal scales like the Dumfries snake. The latter also if the figure published by Sowerby be correct, has large scales on the head, which proves, that it cannot be the young of the common viper, which, however has also ridged scales.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

History of Gendarmerie.—A history of Gendarmerie from its creation, to the year 1790, has been lately published in Paris, from the pen of M. Tenaille-Champton, Lieutenant in that service. The work is represented to be full of curious details, resulting from learned researches among authors and ancient archives. The author traces the history of this military corps through all the events in which it has taken a part since the eleventh century. First, in the form of *Comitabile* and *Prébôté*, it had for its object the maintenance of a police among the soldiery and the repression of excesses, which, from the nature of the ancient composition of armies, must have been frequent. Its functions were then confined to times of war and to the neighbourhood of the King's person! When the royal authority, in the hands of Louis XI., had gained such advantages over feudalism, as to render the overthrow of the latter a certainty—the *maréchaussée* or horse patrol received a regular organization, which was still further improved under

Francis I., Henry II., Henry IV., and Louis XIII. Towards the middle of the 17th century, the provosts were responsible for the acts of their cavaliers, when the latter committed any trespass either in their presence or in their absence, if that absence were unauthorized. Under Louis XV. the *maréchaussée* received an entire new organization and remained on the same footing until 1791, when the present Gendarmerie was established.—M. Tenaille-Champton seems an enthusiast in the service in which he is enrolled. According to him, Theseus, Amadis de Gaul, Lancelot and Tristan, were the gendarmes of their respective times; and the present Gendarmerie are the knights errant of the prosaic age in which we live, since they are the redressers of wrong, the avengers of the oppressed, the protectors of virtue, the prosecutors of crime, and the subduers of robbers.

Intoxicating Liquors.—From them, rightly administered, the afflicted in mind or body might receive comfort, the desponding might be inspired with hope, and the melancholy elevated into joy. But the limits of moderation are easily surpassed. He who experiences these advantages does not always rest satisfied with their reasonable enjoyment: the cup of bliss continues to be quaffed, but the infused poison throws round him its magic spell. His senses no longer convey true impressions. Innocent hilarity gives place to mischievous mirth: good humour and benevolence are converted into causeless quarrel and vindictive rage: the faculties of the man are only recognizable by their perversion: and fortunate for him is it if the progress of crime is arrested by the death-like profundity of apopleptic sleep. How unenviable are his awaking moments!—memory confused with obscure recollections of insult received and outrage committed; the body exhausted and oppressed; and the mind harassed with the terrors of a remorse-stricken conscience. Amidst the repetition of these practices, the springs of health are dried up; an appalling train of diseases derange the functions of the body; the withered frame wastes down into sepulchral tenuity; the grave closes on the victim, and he is remembered only with the contemptuous pity of mankind.—*Donovan's Domestic Economy.*

Weekly Meteorological Journal.

Days of W. Mon.	Thermom. A.M.	P.M.	Barometer. Noob.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 11	36	38	29.95	N.W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 12	34	34	.97	S.W.	Ditto.
Sat. 13	34	32	.97	Ditto.	Foggy.
Sun. 14	31	36	.97	Var.	Ditto.
Mon. 15	33	35	30.15	S.E.	Ditto.
Tues. 16	32	31	.15	S.E.	Ditto.
Wed. 17	30	31	29.83	N.W.	Ditto.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M., and 8 P.M.

Clouds.—Cirrostratus and Cumulus on Thursday. Cirrostratus on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Cirrostratus and Cumulus on Monday. Cirrostratus on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Nights and Mornings frosty towards the end of the week.

Mean temperature, 32°. Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.99. Highest temp. at noon, 44°.

Astronomical Observations.

Venus nearest the Sun on Friday.

Moon farthest from the Earth on Friday, at 1h. p.

Venus stationary on Sunday.

Saturn's geocentric long. on Wed. 13° 42' in Leo.

Venus's ditto ditto ditto 24° 25' in Pisces.

Sun's ditto ditto ditto 29° 23' Aquarius.

Length of day on Wed. 10h. 4m; increased 20. 43m.

Sun's horary motion 2' 31".

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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